EVERY SPORTSMAN LIKES IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 43. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 43. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

WHEREIN LIES ITS FASCINATION?

n we reflect that the first man in history
trouble through helping himself to for-
fruit, we may take it that if the circum-
s not a warning it is at least an example.
her the tale be fable or fact, there can
loubt that one of the chief delights of a
to follow suit.

idden fruit is not confined to apples, or
ual metaphorical construction put upon
rd. There are few people who believe
dam's indiscretion was literally the pluck-
the luscious produce of the apple tree.
e shouldn't be here.

everything which it is the instinct of a
hanker after, or which his mind tells
ll be bad for him, is forbidden fruit.

dyspeptic is suddenly seized with an
elming appetite for roast pork stuffed with
nd onions. If the doctor recommended
sh as the only one suited to his delicate
ve organs, he would immediately be con-
of a violent aversion from pig or any-
connected with it.

n the clerk in a stuffy office kills a relative
tends the funeral at Lord's (England *v.*
lia), he is merely obeying that primal
of his manhood to do that which it is
or him to do.

might go on quoting instances ad lib.
hat is the essence of this first principle of
od, the perversity that, figuratively speak-
akes him run his neck in the noose?
something far deeper than is revealed
superficial expressions of it that I have

appetite for forbidden fruit is the motive
that propels us towards greatness. It is
rit of the explorer, the inventor, the war-
It is the passion to *find out*, to taste, to
to comprehend all that makes up our

hout its power we should be inert as cab-
flaccid as jelly-fish, slothful as drones.
have inherited—for good or evil—a strong,
tive liking for forbidden fruit.
let us discipline this instinct as we should
ine all others. It is not the faculties a
has, but what he does with them that

re is one kind of forbidden fruit that it is
dly to appropriate.
d an acquaintance once who was inclined
k a certain portion of the tenth command-
given the opportunity. His neighbour's
was plain to the point of ugliness, and it
imply the fact that she was a wife that
im the inclination. Failing that, he would
ve spared two thoughts for her.
lib tongue can always find a thousand ex-
The woman may be neglected—her hus-
may be a brute. But it is dastardly all the

en we must eat forbidden fruit let it be—

NGIT.

L. R. MORROW.

CHEEK.

We've most of us been through a few rough times—but the man knows nothing of agonising moments who has not been shaved by the regimental barber at a Territorial camp.

* * * * * * *

Our charlady observes by the gilded signs up West that dinners are still being served "a là carte." In these advanced days she wonders they are not served à la motor-car.

* * * * * * *

A lady has applied eight times for the audience of a Minister, and, being refused, has announced that she will not hesitate to ask "eight more." The Minister fears she is a Suffragette—but this is evidently only a lady Conservative with Dreadnoughts on the brain. She wants eight, and she won't wait.

* * * * * * *

A number of tourists having met with an untimely end picking eidelweiss from the Alpine rocks, many sporting travellers intend to stay at home this year and pick out the pea for the back-end handicaps.

* * * * * * *

Many people were injured and some killed at a circus accident recently. Still the audience were not satisfied.

* * * * * * *

The Territorials have beaten the Regulars in mimic warfare. A Regular bust up may now be anticipated with confidence.

* * * * * * *

A lady, aged 63, suffering from a lapse of memory, was found wandering in a wood. It is hardly probable, however, that she had forgotten that only seven years stood between her and her Old Age Pension.

* * * * * * *

Lately, in Barcelona, no one has been able to work, for nuts.

* * * * * * *

It is said that the ladies of Melilla carry daggers in their stockings. The Spaniards were, naturally, shocked to see arms upon their legs.

* * * * * * *

Should the situations of the Czar of Russia and the King of Spain ever become vacant, it is understood that very few people are anxious to apply for the jobs.

* * * * * * *

Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar has renounced his titles. Many of us who have been addressed frequently as "blankety idiots" have done the same thing.

* * * * * * *

A gentleman who called for his rent the other day in Ireland was shot at by the penniless tenant. An alternative to shooting the moon, nowadays, seems to be shooting the landlord.

* * * * * * *

Alas! for the topsy-turvy state of things, generally! The trouble in North Africa has arisen from the fact that instead of the grouse being on the moors, the Moors have been on the grouse.

J. B. PONDERS.

RAIN ON THE MOORS.

AN IMPRESSION.

For days and days the heather had been baking beneath the early August sun.

The peat banks were hard and dry, and the water that usually lay in the ditch beneath them had disappeared. The stones were like the coals of a furnace, and even the grass felt hot when you sat down to rest. The oil came out like dew on the leather of your shooting boots.

We had been praying for rain, and at last it arrived, but not the sort of rain that most of us wanted. "A nice little shower to cool the ground" was what we had referred to as being desirable, but, with that uncertainty which appears to characterise Scotch weather, we were visited with a storm.

In the evening there had been thunder and all night long a deluge had descended, soaking the ground till it could hold no more, and running in torrents down the stony roads that led to the crofts on the hillside.

When morning dawned, the rain was still descending, but when you are out for sport, you take these things as they come, and we laid aside the lighter clothing we had been wearing and donned various alleged-to-be-waterproof outfits with which our tailors had provided us.

We had to turn our pipes upside down or sideways to get them to burn at all, and to strike a match was a matter of great difficulty, for the box got wet in an instant and you could find no dry spot to strike on. Our tobacco smelt delicious, for the air was sweet and our palates clean.

From our gun barrels, from our caps, from our elbows, from the skirts of our overcoats, the rain trickled off in streams, and I doubt whether there was one of the party who had dry feet. Boots and leggings are comfortable, but they afford you small protection when there are bogs a foot in depth to be crossed, for the water finds its way in at the top of your boots.

If you are healthy, there is little to be alarmed about in a rain storm. You get wet, certainly, but you do not get cold. In fact, our coats quickly became as stuffy as macintoshes, for the wet surface prevented ventilation.

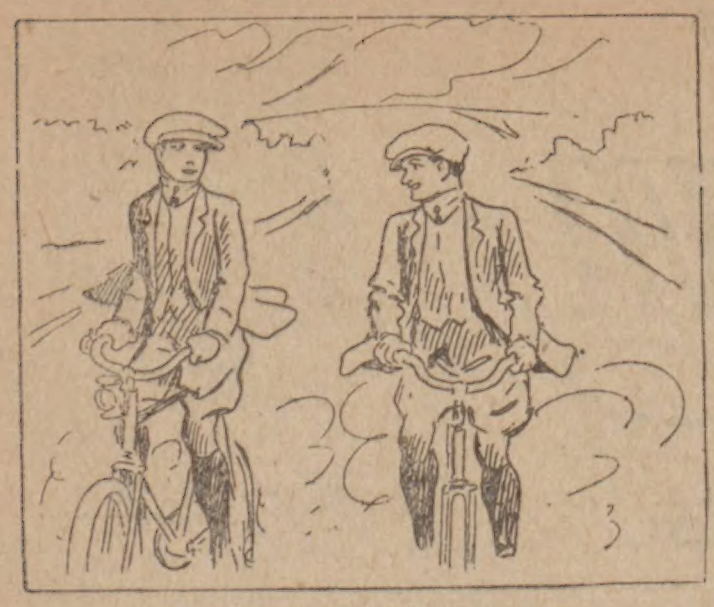
Of the sport that day I shall say nothing, for our bag was extremely small, but if we did not have the enjoyment of shooting many birds, we had at least the pleasure of spending a day in the rain, which, to me for one, is always an experience to be courted—provided, of course, that it is rain in the country and not rain in the town.

By the time the sun was setting, the storm had abated and had settled down into a penetrating Scotch mist. The wind had subsided, and the peat smoke rose steadily from the chimney of a cottage and came sweetly along the ground to our nostrils.

There were other days for me on the moor, and days when the bag was infinitely heavier, but that was the day that I like to recall.

COLIN MACBEAN.

Cycling for Health



SOME COMFORT-GIVING TIPS.

Provided that it is properly indulged in, cycling is unrivalled among pastimes as a promoter and preserver of bodily health. Many have to thank it in great measure for the excellent physical energy they enjoy, and in innumerable cases it has successfully combated actual disease.

Medical men now thoroughly realise its worth in this respect, and are not slow in prescribing it as a remedy in many instances where bottled medicine would be useless.

Every cyclist who rides for pleasure should also ride for health, because, if he conducts his pastime in accordance with the demands of the latter, he will derive more real enjoyment therefrom than in any other way.

To obtain the best health results from cycling, the rider must exercise a few precautions, and perhaps the first question that presents itself pertains to the best sort of bicycle to employ. This is not so much a matter of type as of grade.

THE THINGS TO AIM AT.

What the health cyclist should aim at in all his riding is ease and comfort coupled with moderate exercise and exhilaration. He wants a machine that provides luxurious riding and seldom requires attention in the way of repairs, adjustments and cleaning.

Probably a well-equipped light roadster would suit the majority of riders, but whatever type is chosen, let it be the work of a tried maker and an example of his highest grade.

Of course, the ultra-speed machine is totally unsuitable for the man who rides for health, as indeed it is for all except those who place speed above every other consideration.

Having decided the question of type, it is very important to see that the machine embodies several essential qualifications.

A multi-speed gear is of enormous advantage to the health rider, and, generally speaking, the three-speed is preferable to the two. See that it has moderate variations, with a normal not much above 70. If you employ only a single gear, it might well be somewhat lower than this, especially if one is particularly run down in general health or suffers from a weak heart or lungs.

THE BEST SADDLE.

It is very important to use the correct type of saddle. Many riders seem to think that the greater resiliency a saddle possesses the more comfortable it will be, but this is by no means the case. The health rider should avoid a seat with too much spring it it, as this entails a loss of power in driving and often gives rise to such troubles as saddle-soreness. Specify for a good-sized touring saddle, which strikes the happy medium.

The shape of the handlebars is equally important, for this chiefly determines the position which the rider must assume on his machine. Do not have anything in the nature of a drop; specify either flat or upturned bars.

When on the bicycle you should sit in a natural position, the body having a slight forward inclination; but be sure that the bend is from the thighs and not from the shoulders. Grip the handles easily and firmly, but do not hold them in so fierce a grasp as to entail strain on the hands or transmit excessive vibration.

Now as to the question of clothing, which is one of great moment to the cyclist who rides for health.

As a general rule wool should always be worn next to the skin; it need not be thick during the summer months. Regarding the outer garments, one cannot much improve upon the orthodox cycling suit of Norfolk pattern, and in winter a fur-lined or leather waistcoat can be recommended for use in conjunction with this. The sweater, generally, is unsuitable, and should be avoided. Cycling stockings should be thin in the feet and thick in the legs.

The health results which you derive from cycling depend to a great extent on your actual manner of riding.

Long or fast rides should never be attempted when one is "soft" and out of condition for them, but the active cyclist swiftly and pleasantly acquires that form which is necessary for the full enjoyment of his pastime.

RUSHING HILLS.

A failing which most riders are very prone to exhibit is attempting to rush steep hills; this should never be done. Tackle the hill steadily, and, when you come to the stiffest part, drop on to the lowest gear and endeavour to maintain the same rate of pedalling all the way up. When the low gear is on, the cyclist is travelling at a slower pace while pedalling at the same rate as on the high gear.

On long rides, as when participating in a tour, I have found it an excellent plan to start in the early morning, as in this way you get the major portion of the ride done before the heat of the day, besides having a much better opportunity of inspecting your destination than if the start was made later.

Recently I have commenced my tours at about 4 a.m., and this plan has proved extremely useful and pleasant in many ways.

The health rider must carefully observe the laws of diet in regard to cycling. Never attempt a hard ride for an hour or so after a meal. On tour it is necessary to exercise particular care. The best plan is to take a hearty breakfast some time before starting, and then to subsist on occasional light refreshment until the destination is reached.

A GOOD REFRESHER.

Good milk chocolate is very sustaining when eaten frequently in small quantities en route. Milk, with a dash of lemonade, is a good refresher, while a cup of tea is remarkably reviving to most riders.

Alcoholic drinks are best avoided until the end of the ride.

Do not drink much "gassy" minerals or cold water when in a heated condition.

It is well to rest for a while at mid-day. If fatigue is experienced before reaching the journey's end, dismount and walk for half a mile or so, or, if really feeling signs of exhaustion, resort to the train. The worst thing the health cyclist can do is to take things too hard and overtax his strength.

Finally, to derive the greatest benefits to your health and at the same time the largest amount of genuine pleasure, cycle always with discretion and let the keynote of all your riding be moderation.

O. E. SEYD.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

"I never got better value for my money," says a Nottingham reader, "than when I advertised a suit in your Readers' Sale and Exchange page. I had 37 replies."

You will get replies also, and your announcement need only cost you a shilling. [*See page 3 of cover.*]

MALE EMOTIONS.

V. ENVY.

You often hear or read about people bei green with jealousy, white with rage, red w shame and so on and perhaps there is a go deal of artistic truth in associating colour w emotion in this manner.

If so, envy is undeniably yellow, a sickly, pleasant shade of it, something like the yell of fungi rotting in a field after a fall of rain. makes jaundiced streaks down the white pa of the character of a man. It is always sightly.

Though at some time or another each of experiences every one of the male emotions, it some relief to realise that a few of them ma themselves felt only on rare occasions. He is particularly odious sort of individual who is co stantly subject to fits of envy, but, thank goo ness, one seldom comes across him.

As a matter of fact, the emotion of envy is unpleasant, it so obliterates every sensation comfort, that a man throws it off almost as so as he is aware of it. Its effect is exactly simi to pouring vinegar into milk—envy sours milk of human kindness.

The better the sportsman the less susceptib to envy he is. The real sportsman when he beaten in any particular branch of sport, either by greater skill or endurance, or, as often hap pens, by ill-fortune, does not grudge his oppo nent his victory; he merely takes his defeat as an impetus towards improvement, and determines that he will be more successful the ne time.

But the envious never climb the stepping stones of failure to higher things. The emotion acts like lead to the feet, and the man stays exactly where he is, watching the one who has outdistanced him, a prey to ugly feelings.

You will find that when envy becomes strong in you the temptation is to wreak some revenge and you will not be over-scrupulous in the methods to achieve it.

Envy inspires malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. It is instinctive—all emotions are instinctive—but it by no means follows that we should obey every instinct, nor that the instinct will be more than a twinge.

You will assuredly have envious impulses, but almost immediately other and better and stronger impulses will supervene.

No emotion develops sufficiently to be a danger unless it is encouraged.

Assuredly no man would suffer envy to direct his behaviour once he realised how utterly despicable it is.

More than anything it is the foe of generosity and fairness.

There are no circumstances in which it is pardonable.

You may say, and say without consciousness of self-contempt, that you envy another's health, his success, his temperament. You may observe, "I envy Smith's kind-heartedness, or perhaps his courage in adversity."

But you are misusing the word when you say so, in that spirit. You are not envying, you are admiring.

If actually you did envy him you would not confess it. You would seek to disparage the particular thing he had done or by nature was, you would endeavour to belittle him to your own size.

Envy is always a liar about itself, because it knows that if it were detected it would be contumely.

So long as you have respect for the good opinion of others (which is always, I beg to say, whether you deny it or not—scorn of public opinion is invariably hollow humbug) you will at least disguise an emotion which you know well to be despicable.

It is queer how we can instinctively despise certain instincts; nevertheless we do it. The fact only goes to demonstrate the strangely various elements composing our nature.

The better part of us is always at war with the worse.

C. Wood

A MODERN JUDAS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

He was late. The neatly-dressed young woman standing beneath the clock in Charing Cross Station—that clock whose face maybe has looked out upon more tragedies and comedies than any face in tragi-comic London — raised her eyes again and again to see the time.

The appointment was at seven o'clock and it was already twenty minutes past. He had promised to take her to hear the band in Hyde Park, and she had been looking forward to it ever since.

It was not exactly the entertainment of the hour she looked forward to. She had been so often to hear the band in Hyde Park or other parks that long ago the novelty had worn off. Also she had often been taken by a young fellow, and in this again there was no novelty.

She liked the company of young fellows better than that of girls about her own age. They talked better; there was nothing spiteful about them; besides, it was rather nice to have a sweet-heart, to have his hand secretly take hers and hold it when dark came on, to be kissed—just once—when he left her at the door of her home.

But about this man she was going to meet to-night there was something different from the others. He was older, for one thing, and he had a manner that was at once protective and warmly intimate.

Her first acquaintance with him had been but a week or so ago. A girl friend, whom she met accidentally and accompanied home, had introduced him. He was a paying-guest at this house, and, quite politely, he had offered to see her some of the way homewards when she left after supper.

She remembered now, as she glanced impatiently at the clock again, how pleasantly he had chatted.

And now, the very first appointment, he was late! She was ready to cry with annoyance. She wandered about and studied the bookstall, feeling all the time that everybody was watching her.

It was after half-past seven when he came, but his apologies were so profuse, and his regrets that she had been inconvenienced so manifest, that she forgave him at once and said that she quite understood.

"Come along," he said. "We'll go up to the Park in a taxi. You'd like that?"

"Oh, I should!" she said enthusiastically. "I've never been in one before."

"Wait a minute. We must have some chocolates first."

He took her into a shop and spent so much on them that she protested.

"Nothing but the best for you," he laughed. "That's what I feel about it."

When they were out on the pavement again and standing side by side, looking for a taxi to come along, he suddenly wheeled and faced her. "I suppose you wouldn't come to a music-hall instead—or a theatre?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "We should be out too late. I must be in by ten."

"Would it matter?" There was raillery in his face and voice.

"I'm afraid it would. Yes, I'm sure it would. Father's awfully particular."

"Blow him!" her friend said good-temperedly. "I just feel like a bit of amusement. I've had a worrying day to-day."

"I'm sorry," said the girl, who was also sorry that he had not mentioned the matter of the theatre before, when she might have got permission from her mother to go.

"Perhaps some other time," she added hopefully.

He eyed her speculatively. He was wondering whether her spontaneity was genuine or a clever imitation.

"The Park it is!" he said jocularly. "After all, it doesn't much matter where we are so long as we're together.

He raised a hand, and a taxi drew up to the pavement. "Hyde Park Corner," he called, and they got in.

"Look here," he said before they had gone far. "What say to a little supper somewhere where we can have a nice quiet chat undisturbed. That would be a regular adventure, wouldn't it?"

He had said this with the air of a sudden happy inspiration. And as abruptly, although she did not distrust this man, she recalled several warnings that her father had given her.

"I don't think we'd better," she said. "You see, I scarcely know you yet."

"Do!" he urged. "It won't take us long. It's not eight o'clock yet and we can easily have finished by nine."

He put his hand on her knee and smiled into her face, a friendly affectionate smile, clear as a blue sky.

"I—I'd rather not," she said, hesitating.

"But you would like it. It would be ever such fun. Just think! Nobody would know. It would be just a little secret between our two selves."

The idea was certainly fascinating, particularly that part of it relating to a private secret of their own. But with the very impulse to consent came a stab of doubt; not doubt of him, but doubt of the propriety of it. Home influences were strong with her.

"No; not to-night," she said, and enough decisiveness had crept into her tone to make him realise that further persuasion might make her suspicious.

"As you like," he said rather coldly. "I thought it would be more pleasure to you than the Park, that's all."

"Oh, I'm sure it was kind of you," she said warmly. "It isn't that. I should like to come, but—but——"

"I know," he said, patting her knee again sympathetically. "We must arrange it some other time—when you know me better, eh?"

"Oh, yes," she said gladly. It had hurt her to think that she might have offended him.

* * * * * * *

It was a warm, pleasant night. He soon found that she was susceptible to music, so he did not intrude conversation upon her during the playing of the band. In the intervals between the pieces he talked in low tones with his head close to hers.

As night drew her cloak over them he got nearer to her. His hand sought hers and pressed it. She did not take her hand away. Throughout the whole of one piece they sat without moving.

"You're enjoying it?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"You're glad you came?"

"Yes."

His voice sank lower, but it concentrated. "You like me a little bit, don't you?"

Her reply was long in coming, and it was not exactly up to his expectations. "I don't know," she said, and she withdrew her hand.

The man now knew that her naturalness was genuine, but this only served to add fuel to his hidden fire.

"We needn't go just yet," he said when the music was over. "Let's just stroll about."

Accidentally as she thought, but in reality with evil purpose, he wandered with her away from the people, and at last found a couple of chairs in the dark of a large tree.

There they sat, and he lit a cigarette and talked to her about herself. Incidentally he let drop how lonely his life was, how barren of sympathy and the comfort of affection, so that it seemed to her that all the world was unkind to him, and that if she joined them, her unkindness would be crueller than all.

This man had many ways of ingratiating himself with women, and he had realised that this one was not to be taken by storm.

He sighed at the end of a particularly pathetic passage and flung his cigarette away as though it and everything were distasteful to him.

"I'm a fool, I know," he said at last, "but I've got an idea that if you think badly of me it doesn't much matter what happens."

"But I don't," she said, "and you ought not to talk like that about yourself."

It was her kindness of heart that urged this sympathetic protest.

She did not like to see a fellow-creature suffering.

He moved his chair so that they were almost face to face and sat very close to her, his knees alongside hers, and he began to talk rapidly, feverishly, in a way she had never heard or imagined.

She made to rise once, but he seized her hands and pressed her back again.

"I only want a kiss," he was saying hoarsely. "Not the light touch of carelessness, but the kiss of understanding, of sympathy, of love——"

Despite instinctive alarm she was listening. He was desperately in earnest. She could feel his hot breath on her face. She felt no attraction towards him now, but still a kiss was not much.

"Will you let me go if I do kiss you?" she asked.

He swore that he would. Then, rapidly, he put his arm round her neck, looked for one long instant into her eyes, and then glued his lips to hers.

Before the kiss had lasted a second she was struggling. It was gross, it was loathsome. Never in all her life had she conceived anything so disgusting as this. Madly she struggled.

But his arm held her head as in a vice, and now his other hand had gripped her chin. She was immovable, the pillow of his hot face made her unable to breathe. She gave a stifled moan. Nausea made her giddy. To be fed upon like this was *hideous*!

But at last he removed his lips.

Even now, for a moment, he did not let her go, but held her face prisoned as before and glared into it, panting, the reek of lust in his eyes.

"*You beast*!" she hissed through shut teeth. "You beast, you *beast*, you BEAST!"

Her face was luminous white, like the blast of lightning. He let her go and recoiled.

Over and over again she said the same words, and then others. "You gentleman! You low cad! You vile disgusting pig!"

As her rage found outlet she began to cry, but she fought back the weakness and shook with sobs as she did so.

"*You* to kiss me like that! You to *touch* me. Oh, I hope God will punish you for it. You've made me hate myself. I shall never feel the same again! I'm as bad as you for being such a fool as to trust you. You've made me hate innocence, you've made me ashamed of being good. It's murder! It's worse than murder, because a murderer does kill, but your victims have to live on and remember the poisonous touch of you."

She scrubbed her lips with her handkerchief, and started to go. For a couple of steps he followed her, then thought better of it. She might give him in charge. In any case he must change his digs. What a damnation mess he had made of it!

"Still," he reflected, after his supper, "it was just as well. If she made all that fuss over a kiss, what if——

"My word, she would have made it hot for me!"

And his self-congratulation comforted him.

THE PART THEY PLAY IN HIS ENJOYMENT.

So far as the immediate object of every sport is concerned, the man who is actively engaged is only conscious of that object. He does not stop to consider the additional pleasures which his occupation brings him in the shape of physical, or scenic, or other thrills.

All he knows is that a definite object is before him, and he pursues it.

Thus the man with a gun walking round the farm, keeps his eyes open only for the rabbits or the game he has set out to shoot. If he did not do so he would fail in his mission, and sportsmen do not like failure in themselves or others.

The spoil, the quarry, the prey, is the one object the average sportsman has in his mind, but if this same man with a gun were to be dumped down in a wide, bare, walled-in enclosure and were told that the ground swarmed with rabbits, he would not take the same keen delight in his sport.

THE SPORTING CHANCE.

In the first place, he would not be seeking his prey in its natural surroundings. For this reason alone his sportsman's instinct would be grievously outraged. He believes in giving every living creature a sporting chance to escape, and this spirit can only have play when he is really at a disadvantage so far as the quarry is concerned.

Every real sportsman would lay aside his gun if he were only able to use it when the odds were so much in his favour as to do away with the need for skill, the craft of the hunter, the elusiveness of the quarry. Such a man would turn his thoughts rather to the rifle and the target, where he would be able to pit his skill against other men on equal terms, and not against animals at an unfair advantage.

In passing, I think this reason explains why our Territorials are one and all men in whom the true sporting instinct is deeply inbred. These men, in the majority, are not able to gratify their love of sport except very occasionally and at considerable cost. They therefore find an outlet for it at the range, in the saddle of the War Office's charger, and in the ranks of the Infantry.

THE NEED FOR CONTEST.

There is always competition where men are gathered together, and it is of the essence of sport that man should pit himself against something else. When it is not game or fish or other wild creatures, with their sense of self-preservation very keenly developed, then it is among his own kind that man finds this contest. It is the call of the wild turned into the best natural channels.

But to return to the outdoor sportsman's surroundings. The man with a gun sallies forth after breakfast as keen on living and keeping pace with the fresh and green world around him as he is on returning home with a heavy bag. The solitude of the fields and woodside attracts him, the serene peace that seems to brood over the whole land enchants him, and he knows that, though he cannot see all that is going on, nevertheless there are a thousand creatures watching him with keen eyes and keen noses, for animals have immeasurably keener noses than human beings, and can detect the presence of enemies and strangers long before those enemies and strangers detect them.

The fisherman affords another example of the undeniable influence played by scenery and general surroundings in sport. What fisherman would sit on the edge of a swimming bath and fish the livelong day, though the water swarmed with trout? No, he would throw it up in disgust, or rather, he would never begin to fish.

He would demand the play of air and sun on water and bank, the absence of the water's ripple would disturb him. The very buzzing of the flies round his face—a nuisance that he curses heartily again and again as he sits on the streamside—would become necessary before he could even pretend he was enjoying himself.

THE HORSEMAN'S JOY.

It is not merely the casting of a fly upstream or the dexterous playing of a game fish that makes up the charm of his sport. These are great and necessary parts of it, but unless they are accompanied by all the influences of nature they are mere waste of time and yield but a foolish occupation.

The man on horseback, whether he be in full cry after hounds on a hot scent or merely jogging along the turf at the roadside, has the incommunicable bond between him and his beast as a great and ever-present pleasure, but he knows a still deeper joy when to this sympathy is added a rolling country over which he can pass with ease and comfort, knowing that his horse is enjoying it as much as he himself.

Put such a man in a riding school where he must needs go round and round, robbed of the distant view, the exhilarating motion of the ride, and above all of the absolutely intoxicating effect on heart and nerves and brain and body induced by a smart canter in the open air, and he will not stay long in the saddle. Nor will his horse show its real nature and its sterling mettle.

FASCINATION OF THE ELEMENTS.

The influence of surroundings is more of a mystery than we are willing to admit. If there were nothing in the elusive charm and fascination of sea and air and sky and rain and all the natural elements, there would never be the army of potterers and mere "open air" men who, while not taking any active part in the recognised sports of Englishmen, are nevertheless "lost" without a land to wander in.

No sportsman is independent of his environment though he may think and declare otherwise. The sculling man thinks more of the beauty on the bank—and perhaps that other beauty reclining on the cushions—than he does of the mere act of sculling, though this also is a great joy to him as he sees the boat slipping along at the bidding of his well-shaped arms.

The batsmen, again, may affect to be discontented when sundown approaches and the immemorial elms that surround the playing field begin to cast their shadows on the pitch. But all the time he knows in his heart that the pleasant leafage of towering trees is a background not lightly to be done away with.

The truth and the conclusion of the matter seem to be that in all sport there is that which finds a sympathetic echo in all aspects of nature, which is itself a contest and a waging of war. It is an essence, a spirit, which makes us one with world processes, and one with each other. The sportsman is the truest naturalist.

H. WINTOUR COLLIS.

MEALS A MAN REMEMBE

OFTEN THEY ARE ROUGH AND SCANTY

We all have to eat so often (and most of succeed in getting all we want) that one into the habit of taking no account of me This is fortunate, for if we were burdened a recollection of the cold collations and steam dishes that we consume, life would become much like a procession through an endless cession of butchers' and poulterers' and gre grocers' shops.

But in the lives of most men there are usu certain meals that stand out as memorable o sions, and not by reason of their splen sumptuousness.

If my own experience is any guide to general impression of these things, it will found that the meals one remembers are a ciated with the open air and with the roug part of a man's life. Often they will re times of hardship and even of privation, w meals of the good square sort were few and between; others will send the mind back to of vagabondage, when all roads led to some venture; and yet others will remain in memory by reason of the quaint or curious circumstances in which they were taken and joyed.

Passing in review the memorable meals fresh in my own recollection, there is not one them that is not associated with the open and they are all remarkable for their frugal

One of the pleasantest memories of meals I possess carries me back to the early days the "safety" bicycle. All night long I ridden through strange and lonely country, at last when daybreak came I found myself a well-known English cathedral city, hungry and cold. I sat down upon the wa a bishop's palace, at 3.30 that morning, and voured with infinite enjoyment some thick of cold mutton and bread I had strapped to machine.

I do not suppose in all the centuries that palace has stood and in all the centuries that which it will last there was quite the same to be witnessed.

The meal that follows some long through the country is usually one to be rem bered. Such a one comes back to me write. I had tramped, with a brother, many miles of wild and sparsely populated try. There had been incessant rain and a wind, and we were wet to the skin so that wrung water from our very shirts and vests.

It was Sunday, and we knocked up a wayside innkeeper from his afternoon nap bade him get two travellers the best he had brought creamy cheese and the remains of was once a joint of beef, and pints of And before the fire in the inn parlour on wet Sunday, we stood in our boots and and shirts and ate and drank enormously, our clothes were dried for us and we were to proceed.

To warm ourselves we shouted old songs of ale, and bows and arrows, and of oak, and pretty girls, and all else that could remember. And we have never forgo that meal.

Yet again I was on tramp in England paradise of tramps—and feeling tired of road I joined a barge, going I knew whither; and while I stayed on board we had meal. The pan that served to cook everyth the bargee ever ate, and that was used to his water both for tea and shaving, was brou out, and slabs of toughest meat were roas over the smoky cabin fire. When it was burned, each man drew out his pocket knife cut a slab and wrapped it well between pieces of bread and retired to wrestle with dinner. It was two hours later when I c from my seat forward on the barge, having my best.

Such are the meals that do not fade memory and that sometimes mark days of treme delight and of experiences that colour to life.

T. RIDGE

Black Man versus White

SHOULD IT BE ALLOWED?

A black man, Jack Johnson, is champion boxer of the world. Another black man, Sam Langford, recently beat England's champion heavyweight, and beat him giving a lot away in height and weight.

The negro can boast—and it is no empty boast—that he can lick the white man at the white man's—at least the Anglo-Saxon's—own game of fisticuffs. Surely this is a sorry, even a dangerous state of things, and I submit that the coloured boxer should not be allowed to compete against whites.

Let us give the coloured boxer his due. He has, as a rule, shown himself a clean fighter, sometimes exceptionally so; no "whiter" man or more chivalrous foe ever stood in the ring than Peter Jackson, and other coloured pugilists have claimed our admiration not only for their prowess but for their good sportsmanship.

A FALSE ARGUMENT.

There is much, too, in the argument that a world's championship is miscalled as such unless it is open to everybody irrespective of colour and nationality.

That seems a strong, almost a conclusive point, and yet there is not much in it. White men do not admit the black man to terms of social equality; why therefore should he be treated as an equal in sport?

I am far from anxious to raise the question whether the black man is a man and a brother, but it is impossible altogether to avoid it. I will merely say, however, that those who have any real knowledge of the black man, will never admit the possibility, still less the desirability, of treating him as an equal.

Nature has set a barrier between white and black. The smell of a black man is offensive to white nostrils, though it is only fair to add that a white is just as malodorous to the black nose.

BOWING TO THE BLACK.

Apart from that, there is surely something innately repellent, even to those who do not know the black man, in the idea of one of our own colour having to bow the knee to a descendant of Ham.

We may not have liked Tommy Burns's "blowing" when he was over here, we may have strongly objected to the mercenary spirit he displayed, and yet we were all sorry when he was beaten by the negro, Johnson, in Australia.

The feeling was more than one of sympathy; it was one almost of horror.

The picture of a white man, beaten, pounded into pulp, played with, and all the while taunted and jeered at by a nigger, is a revolting one. Am I wrong in saying that it outrages every sentiment of our race?

Then a fight between a white man and a black man is a one-sided affair. I do not mean one-sided in the sense that victory so often rests with the man of colour, but that he has everything to gain, little or nothing to lose; the white has practically nothing to gain, everything to forfeit.

MAINTAINING OUR AUTHORITY.

The black man, save in the opinion of those who do not know him, is an inferior creature, and therefore there is no kudos to be gained by beating him, but defeat means great loss of white prestige. The black, on the other hand, has no prestige to lose, and, when he wins, his victory acquires a double significance simply because he is a black man, and we rule him only by maintaining an assumption of superiority which may be real or fancied.

That is the point; handfuls of white men govern hordes of blacks by force of character, by asserting as an unquestionable fact that they are the superior race; anything which tends to discredit that claim must be dangerous to the supremacy of whites in lands where they are greatly outnumbered by blacks. And I say that the success of coloured boxers may have far graver effects than the changing of a championship belt or the eclipse of a white pugilist.

There is another aspect of the case, namely, the physical differences between white man and black. The latter can stand an amount of punishment, particularly about the face and head, that no white could endure; further, he is not nearly so sensible to pain as the white, and therefore the white is handicapped by having to meet a man whom Nature has made almost invulnerable.

NATURAL REVULSION.

I do not say that black boxers are not remarkably skilful, but they have great physical advantages over the white man.

All said and done, however, we return to our starting point—the innate feeling of revulsion inspired by such black man *v.* white contests. Perhaps everybody does not feel it, yet I think most people do, especially those who have lived among negroes.

We may like and respect the coloured pugilist when he is of Peter Jackson's type, but none the less there seems to be something radically wrong and repellent in these battles of white against black. Every fibre of one's being calls out in revolt against such exhibitions.

Of course, it may be said that if we exclude the coloured man from boxing he will taunt us with being afraid of him. But the taunts of an inferior do not matter, and white men as a whole are unanimous in proclaiming the black an inferior.

NOTHING TO LOSE.

From the negro's point of view it is "heads I win, tails you lose" when he comes up against the white. The white man cannot boast of beating a black; on the other hand, there is a certain degradation if he is licked by one.

The strongest argument in favour of white *v.* black boxing matches is the fact that they are permitted by the National Sporting Club. Yet I question whether, if a plebiscite were taken among the members of the N.S.C., the result would be in favour of coloured boxers. That, however, is mere surmise.

I am not a sentimentalist, but I am haunted—I think I always shall be haunted—by the picture of Tommy Burns, spent, reeling, blinded, standing up a mere punching bag for the gigantic negro, who at present can boast that he is a better man than any white man in the world.

H. Gray-Reid.

TO THOSE WHO CAN WRITE.

The Editor of The Modern Man *is always happy to consider the work of new writers.*

Payment is made on acceptance.

It must be understood that all manuscripts are sent at the risk of their authors, and the Editor accepts no responsibility for accidental loss.

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MEN AT THE SEASIDE.

TYPES TO CULTIVATE AND TO AVOID.

No introductions are required at the seaside; visiting cards are at a discount; a passing nod makes one known to the man who is the last word in exclusiveness in the City. Like all social customs, this has both its advantages and its undoubted drawbacks.

The man to avoid under these circumstances is the family man who, sitting alone on the parade, borrows your newspaper and inveigles you into conversation on some small topic, such as the Government or the German Invasion.

Ten minutes later you are surrounded by a sticky mass of "olive branches," clamouring for cigarette cards, stamps, pencils, or odd sixpences. The youngest invariably addresses you as "dad," and finds that your lapels are constructed especially for the purpose of wiping his jammy fingers upon. Therefore, distrust the man who starts talking about the lack of bath-rooms in boarding-houses. He is a family man, and, as such, is to be avoided.

The most cheerful acquaintance one can make at the seaside is the young fellow who confesses that he looks on the fifty weeks he is away from his seaside residence as rather too extended a period.

Nothing is strange to him, and every fresh girl he meets, he seems to have "met somewhere before, I think?" He wears a loose Norfolk jacket, the necessary flannel trousers, his club colours on his socks (apparently), and thick brogue shoes. His hair is swept back in the most approved style, and he is, you gather, a "fair devil for sport," and in addition one of the nuts, you know.

He sports a copper Japanese bracelet showing conspicuously, and he tries hard to obtain a reputation for being a "reg'lar dog"; but, in spite of heroic efforts to appear blasé, in spite of harrowing self-told tales of glorious "busts up," he fails lamentably.

At heart he is usually a decent little chap, and you can see the honest metal under the garish gold-plating sometimes—when he "feels rather blue, old chap."

A stronger type is the man who strolls along the Parade in flannels and affects a blazer with a club crest over the pocket whenever excusable. He is conscious of his fine muscles and his manly form, and is as inordinately proud of these gifts of a generous Nature as a girl of her natural, graceful contours.

But this is a pride to be encouraged after all. He ornaments the Parade, and even if he appears to be rather "bucked" over himself, his pride is in his manhood and athleticism rather than in his attire.

As to his mental outfit, the less we say, perhaps, the better.

He does *not* read the latest books from the circulating library; neither does he possess any knowledge of the classics, except that which his schoolmaster flogged into him when he was too small to hit back.

But he does not pose as an intellectual genius; and he has not a terrifically great respect for those who do; neither does he care for the dressy man who is a dandy and nothing more.

The fairer but falser sex are usually good judges, for when it is a case of the tailor's shop versus the gymnasium, the odds may be confidently laid upon the latter every time.

It is a peculiar thing, but nowadays one searches in vain for the "old salt" with the almost proverbial yarns. He is a type that seems to have vanished with the three volume novel.

It may be, however, that there are still inglorious romancers disguised in blue jerseys and indescribable slacks, but they are as mute as the harp of Tara.

It may be that the "old salt" of these days, having been taught to read, finds that the "truth" supplied in some of our daily papers is, indeed, stranger than fiction, and thus has bowed to superior l—knowledge, we mean.

Victor Ponting.

What Our Readers Say.

A TERRITORIAL COMPLAINT.

THE MODERN MAN has so consistently advocated the Territorial movement that I think there is no better place than its pages for the voicing of a matter which requires rectifying.

If the Territorial movement is to be as widespread as we all wish to see it, we must endeavour to have its conditions as attractive as possible, and we must try to eliminate all abuses.

One crying abuse is the arbitrary conduct of certain officers. Dressed in a little brief authority, and possibly accustomed to exercising authority in private life, they pride themselves on making things as uncomfortable for their men as possible.

I have just returned from camp, and a little incident which happened there will illustrate my meaning.

We had been skirmishing from eight o'clock in the morning on a very hot day. At one o'clock half-a-dozen of us stopped outside a cottage and asked the good lady who lived there whether she would give us water to fill our bottles. Of course she willingly agreed, and took the bottles inside.

She was bringing them out to us, and we were just about to take them, when the captain of our company rode up.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "You're not to have your bottles filled now. They ought to have been filled last night or this morning. Pour that water out on the road."

We had filled our bottles that morning, but the day was burning hot and we had drunk all the water they contained. Our throats were parched, and we would have given anything for a drink, but we had to hold our tongues and watch the water caking into mud amongst the dust.

A man does not mind sacrificing his time for the sake of his country, nor would any Territorial object to undergoing necessary hardships on active service, but hardships of this kind are quite unnecessary, and officers of this type ought to have an eye kept on them by the authorities.

A HORSE'S FOIBLES.

No two horses are just the same, and each seems to have some little idiosyncrasy.

At one time I had a mare which absolutely refused to be tied up firmly. She was all right with the usual halter rope and log in the stable, but when I took her out and left her standing, I had to get someone to hold her head, as, even if there were a convenient hook and chain, she would not tolerate being fixed in that way.

Once, before I knew her foible, I tied her like this at the gate of a friend's garden, and she reared and plunged till I thought she would have the whole trap and herself smashed up.

I spoke to her former owner about it, and he told me he had found just the same thing with her, but he could not explain the cause of it.

That same mare had a rooted objection to being girthed tightly, and for this reason it was impossible to ride her. She was perfectly sound about the chest, but as soon as she felt the girth being tightened for a riding saddle, she reared and made no end of fuss.

Another horse I once had could not be persuaded to go down a certain road. It was rather an uneven road, but not so rough as to give him any discomfort. I do not know whether he had ever got a fright while passing along this road, but nothing I could do would induce him to traverse it and so I always took him round another way.

You can break a horse of many such foibles, but there are some which you will never educate him out of, and it is best not to trouble doing so unless they are an actual nuisance.

THE IDLE HALF-HOUR.

Time and oft one finds oneself with an idle half-hour. You have an appointment to keep and must not be there too soon; it becomes necessary, therefore, to pass the time.

What should you do?

There are several possible answers to the question. You might go to a public library, or you might simply wander around, looking at shop windows and so forth. The effect of half-an-hour spent in either of these ways is generally depressing, and if the interview for which you are waiting is an important one, you do not show to your full advantage when the time arrives for it.

It is very much better to get into conversation with some interesting person. A shopman at a slack time is generally willing to have a chat, and there is much to interest you in his business.

By keeping yourself interested you keep your mind alert and fresh, instead of letting it get into a stale condition, and you are fit for whatever you have in hand at the end of your idle half-hour.

NERVES AND THE SEA.

At one time I was so nervous that when I sat with one leg crossed over the other I could see the toe of the foot that was lifted from the ground actually shaking—and this, mind you, when there was nothing at all to excite alarm.

I used to take long cycle runs into the country because the doctor that I once consulted said that fresh air was what I needed; but cycling seemed to be rather more than my strength was up to, or it may be that I took the exercise harder than I need have done. Always at the end of a run I felt more done up than I had felt at the beginning of it, and I began to realise that, however good cycling runs in the country might be for other people, they were not the thing for me.

One day a pal of mine told me that he was going down to stop with a friend at the seaside, and that he had been asked to bring one of his friends with him. Would I come? I willingly consented, and spent a very lazy time from Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening, loafing about on the sands and inhaling the salt breezes.

On Monday morning I discovered to my delight that the sleepiness which I had experienced at the seaside had entirely vanished and in its place was a buoyant feeling that I had never before experienced. I began to realise that the sea air had cured my nerves.

I went to the seaside several times after that and always with the same result. I could not, however, afford to take these week-end holidays as often as I should have liked to, but nevertheless I was determined to let my health have the benefit of the sea air, and so I looked out for a job in a seaside town. I got one, and ever since then I have worked within a hundred yards of the sea during the day, and have spent the evenings on the sands and in the water, and have become as fit as any man I know.

COOL SPOTS.

The man who is on a cycling or walking tour should not leave his sight-seeing to the end of the day, but should indulge himself a little in this direction when the sun is at its height.

A great building, whether it be a town-hall, a museum, an old castle or a cathedral, is always cool as a cave.

Particularly is this so in the case of the buildings that have come down to us from the ages, for usually their windows are small and their stone walls tremendously thick. Cool they are at all times, ice-like in winter and refusing admission to the warmth of the sun in summer.

When you are sweating all over and feel that the one thing worth having in life is a dip in a cold bath, you frequently discover that the cold bath is not obtainable. On such occasions get inside one of these thick-walled, lofty buildings and your temperature will go down till comfort returns.

TENTPEGGING.

The fastest pace is the order when riding at the peg, and what a glorious sensation it is as you gallop down that 80 or 100 yards with the wind whistling about your ears.

Should any young chap contemplate going in for it, the following few hints may be of some use.

In the first place, a very fast and straight galloper, a good seat, steady bridle hand, and a fair judgment of distance are absolutely necessary if you are to stand any chance of lifting the peg.

Care should be taken in the selection of a lance. Avoid one with a sling, for when the point of your lance touches the ground, or peg, your hand is very apt to come in contact with the sling and get damaged.

There are different ways of riding at the peg. Some men prefer to watch it until they are either past or have it on their lance. I have tried more than one way, and I find the following method very satisfactory.

Before starting, I have a good look at the peg, judging the distance as near as possible, then, when the gallop starts, I bring my eyes down and get my eye on the point and watch it as it is gradually lowered on to the peg.

Above all, keep cool and don't on any account jab your lance at it or you are certain to miss. The pace your horse is going at will do all that is required and lift it all right if you leave it at all.

THE ADVERTISING BORROWER.

We are often warned against borrowing money from a professional lender, but there is another harpy of whom we should beware, and I refer to the advertising borrower, and I recently had a taste of his quality.

I had decided that the interest paid by the Savings Bank on the small sum I had collected during years of hard work, was not quite high enough for my liking, and one day when I saw a man advertising for the loan of £5, offering twenty per cent. per month for the accommodation and promising the best of security, I got into communication with him.

When he entrusted to my keeping certain documents with official stamps upon them, I supposed that everything was all right.

But he failed to repay the first instalment of interest. I called at his house and found that he had gone without leaving an address. I took the documents to a lawyer, and he pointed out that they were only share certificates of a company that had gone bankrupt.

I was sore about losing the £5, but I am glad it was not more, and my warning may save others from falling into the same trap.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

We shall be happy to read any paragraph you may care to submit for this page; let it be something of strong masculine interest.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. R. Dalziel (late sergeant 5th Dragoon Guards), 2, Manor Place, Edinburgh, for "Tentpegging."

A STORY OF YEOMANRY LIFE.

HOW TROOPER KERNAHAN WAS CAUGHT.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Dusk had thrown its grey mantle over the town of Brermouth when Trooper Carteret, a first-year man in the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry, trotted smartly through the streets of the old town to the Drill Hall.

His uniform was covered with dust, and his puttees and boots were white with it. Yet he rode with an easy and graceful carriage, although his arms were stiff and the small of his back almost cried aloud for embrocation.

It is the rule in Squadron "B" that however tired a man may feel, there is no excuse for slacking.

Wherefore young Carteret suffered the torments of the damned, but yet rode with faultless military bearing, in humble imitation of his friend and mentor, Trooper Kernahan of the King's Own.

His horse, a fine upstanding chestnut, seemed to realise, too, that the reputation of Squadron "B" had to be preserved, and, in response to persuasive patting, he held up his head well.

"Whoa, my beauty!"

Trooper Carteret reined up outside the Drill Hall, and, dismounting relinquished his horse to a waiting groom, with many instructions as to an immediate rub down and a good feed that the chestnut had certainly earned that day; for when Squadron "B" meets the Brermouth Cyclists in mimic warfare there is a keenness on both sides which demands, in addition, much hard work.

"Hullo! It's the Honourable Carteret turned up at last!" said one of a knot of Yeomen who were gathered around the Drill Hall door. "And where the dooce are the other dev—chaps, I mean—the Sa'g'nt, and Stephen, and old Kernahan?"

"Gone to stable their nags," Carteret replied briefly. "You recruit chaps always want to know so much."

"Recruit chaps! Good Lord, you don't half swank because you've done a camp, Carteret—and I reckon we've *all* of us been thoroughly bloodied to-day. *I* shan't get over it for weeks, I know!"

The speaker caressed a tender forearm.

"Blundered off beautifully in that cross-country dash," he explained.

Carteret laughed.

"The first bloomin' little fence, too," the recruit went on.

"Try a little seccotine on the saddle," Carteret advised him, and departed to complete his toilet.

"These Devine's Scouts," said the recruit, as he watched Carteret crossing the lighted Drill Hall, "are not without a certain amount of edge, are they? Wonder what highly mysterious game they've been up to to-day? Remember old Devine riding back on his lonesome laughing all over his face, and the Colonel lookin' black as ink. There's something behind all this, and I vote we try to get it out of His Serene Swankiness, Trooper Carteret of Captain Devine's Almighty Scouts."

"Might I ask who is to bell the cat and how?" asked another recruit sweetly. "That sort of extra special understudy of Kernahan, young Carteret takes his bloomin' self for a Trooper Brown!"

Trooper Brown eyed the speaker contemptuously. "Where are your bloomin' military tactics, boy?" he asked. "We must ambush him on the stairs, treat him like a V.C. man returned from Mafeking, and then you'll see that he'll jaw for hours. He's a cocky little devil, I know, and no end proud of himself."

"Right-o!" came from the group.

They found Trooper Carteret attempting the impossible—namely, to brush his own back, and loving hands assisted.

Then one man fetched for Trooper Carteret the Regimental wicker chair, which was reputed to have served Rajahs in India, and placed it

on the balcony outside the Yeomanry club-room that looks on Brermouth's little park. Another brought him a large bottle of beer, and a third filled his pipe for him.

Carteret, bewildered, submitted to these kindly attentions and confessed, when a fourth recruit propped his head up with the billiard table cloth rolled up to represent a cushion, that he felt like a hero returned from war.

"We want to know," said Trooper Brown, "firstly, why Captain Devine actually smiled when he rode back to the main body, and secondly, why the Colonel scowled?"

Carteret promptly choked.

"Cough it up, ducky, and take your time," said Trooper Brown.

So Carteret, his eyes on the lights of Brermouth that twinkled between the park trees, spoke in the deepening haze to an audience he could not see.

"You fellows," the young man began, "imagine that Devine's Scouts have got the softest job in the Regiment—all the bally honours of war and that sort of thing. But if dear little Devine ever picks one of you out for service with his Scouts, I can assure you he'll make you work—'specially if it's a hot day. It's reckoned good for Terriers to sweat for their bloomin' country now and again.

"Lordy! you'd have wished yourselves back to the comparative comfort of operating with the main body to-day! There you could crawl along pretty easy most of the time. If you'd been with Kernahan, Stephen, old Sergeant Hall and me, you'd have had your shirts stickin' to you, and you'd have learned something of what real work is, my boys!

"Kernahan, of course, was extra keen on this little job, because Charles Douglas—Sergeant Gibson of the Brermouth Cyclists—has been pretty cocky again lately.

"He's like the British Army, is Charles. He doesn't know when he's beaten.

"Now, you fellows with the main body aren't treated to much in the way of the confidence of the Squadron Commanders. You've not to reason why—only to do or die, like any other ordinary Thomas Atkins, junior; but *we*"—Carteret stretched himself luxuriously in the chair—"*we*, I repeat, are favoured with the complete idea, precisely as ladled out to your Lieutenants and other incompetent aristocrats. Devine can depend on *us* to use our heads, you see. (You needn't look so sick, Brown. You're young yet, boy.)

"Well, things bein' like this in our little lot, we knew precisely the same as you did, that Charles Douglas's merry youths had captured the village of Stoke Felton right early in the afternoon, by umpire's ruling, and they looked like making a cautious advance on Brermouth and, what is more, fairly investing our neighbouring cocky little suburb of Prawleston.

"As perhaps some of you chaps who've lived in the county all your lives *don't* know, there are exactly fourteen devious paths by which an invading force could approach Brermouth from Stoke Felton. It was *our* especial care to look after these little lanes, etcetera, and see they were clear before recommending your Lieutenants to advance."

"Cheek!" Trooper Brown put in.

"Shut up, you ass! Sit on him, someone! Go on, Carteret!"

"Well, the Scouts broke up at the Cross Road and Devine put Sergeant Hall's section, which included Kernahan, Stephen and myself, on to the most ticklish work. It was one continual round of galloping over fields, dismountin' in a hurry, takin' observations, signallin' back to outlying points where practicable, and then goin' back to report to Devine, who in turn reported to 'B' Squadron's main body, accordin' to arrangements.

"Phew! we perspired pretty freely and swore ditto.

"Just imagine poor old Stephen and me with those two gluttons for that sort of thing—Sergeant Hall and old Kernahan!

"There was Hall, when Stephen suggested a drink, babbling about discipline, and then Kernahan was bent on capturing Sergeant Gibson of the Cyclists if he got a chance. It was understood to be jam to Kernahan if he did—and, between the two, old Bobbie Stephen and I were sweating something horrid—all for *their* confounded reputations, too!

"Talk about a lot of Pathans! When old Bob and I tried to whistle the 'Teddy Bear's Picnic' to cheer us up for lack of beer and the mid-day biscuit and cheese, they fairly sat on us—because they said every cyclist was bound to recognise our anthem—if we whistled it in tune!"

"That was uncalled for," Brown put in.

"I should think so! Besides, it was all we could do to whistle at all—we were that bloomin' dry!"

Carteret, shuddering at the thought, gulped down his Worthington.

"Old Stephen and I were wondering which of us was going to faint first.

"Then we two had a bit of luck. Captain Devine galloped up to us suddenly, and directed Kernahan and Hall to ride back to the advance guard with certain instructions for both flanks. In the meantime we had to keep watch at the crossways on the main road—for which purpose we had to tether our horses and lie up behind a hedge.

"We waited until we heard the sound of Hall's and Kernahan's horses fairly die away in the distance; then we laid our heads on the grass to cool in the shade. Lordy, it *was* hot! (Thanks, mine's another Worthington.)

"We'd been there about five minutes when we heard the 'Teddy Bear' whistled rather weakly from the other side of the road. Then someone called 'Carteret!'

"I jumped up, and there was old Sergeant Charles Douglas Gibson wiping his fevered brow, standing right in the middle of the road. He waved his handkerchief, flag-of-truce fashion.

"'Is it peace or war, you blighted horse-coper?' he asked me, polite as ever.

"'Beer would be preferable to either,' I said, 'but you turn over to me as my prisoner!'

"'Well, I like your innocent cheek, I must say,' old Gibson almost yelled, his plump face going, if possible, redder than ever, 'considerin' that I and my pal, Teddy Houghton, have been observing your slightest movements for the last ten minutes! You hoodoo'd bushrangers!' says Gibson—wonderfully expressive chap—'You blitherin' Stingarees!'

"'Who was that mentioned beer?' asked Sergeant Teddy Houghton, blinkin' over the prickly fence opposite us.

"'Please don't mention it,' I said, 'unless you want to see old Stephen go raving mad!'

"'Accordin' to the rules of mimic warfare,'

Stephen put in, 'I don't see how one party in this case can possibly capture the other!'

"'My dear good idiot,' said old Gibson, 'I've been lookin' through this fence at you for the last ten minutes. I couldn't very well show myself until Devine, Kernahan and Hall had gone. As you were the stronger force we should then have turned over to you. So we lay low. Now the game's ours!'

"'Rot. I've been keepin' my eye on you and Houghton for the last ten minutes, too!' Stephen lied.

"Old Gibson scratched his head.

"'If it's like that, then,' he says, 'we're *all* dead!'

"'I wish we were," said Edward Houghton. 'I shouldn't have such an awful thirst on me—with a pub within two hundred yards, too!'

"'*Wha-at!*'

"Old Stephen jumped as if he'd been stung.

"'Precisely,' said Gibson. 'Think of it, Steve. Just behind that clump of trees over there is a cool, brick-floored, little country inn which smells principally of cheese and beer barrels! That is my reason for showing myself. You see, Houghton and I couldn't get to it, we knew, without passing right in your line of fire—hence this flag of truce!'

"Charles waved the handkerchief again.

"'I suggest an armistice for ten minutes,' he went on, 'the opposin' forces to have an interval for light refreshments!'

"'Done!' we both said at once, only wishin' that our Sergeant Hall was about as easy going as Gibson was.

"But Cyclists can always fall back and get a drink. They can kid they've got a puncture, and you can't always be breakin' your stirrup in our lot. It looks suspicious. (You boys must remember that.)

"So we untethered our horses and Gibson and Houghton fetched their bicycles. Then old Stephen, as soon as he got mounted, listened to windward. You could plainly hear horses trotting somewhere beyond the fields!

"'Damn!' said Stephen. 'That's Kernahan and Hall comin' back. We're snookered!'

"'So you may be!' said the unfeeling Gibson, 'but we're off! Truce for ten minutes, remember!'

"We sorrowfully watched 'em pedal off down the road. It was the only time I ever wished I had joined the Cyclists."

Agitated by this horrible recollection, Trooper Carteret took a long pull at his glass.

"But when Kernahan and the Sa'g'nt reined up they looked fairly metagrobolised. It seemed that they'd had to ride hell for leather all the way, and their horses were in a lather.

"We told them we'd nothing to report—as, of course, we were then under the flag of truce, and to say that Gibson and Houghton were within two hundred yards of us would have been playin' it low down on them.

"We gave 'em their ten minutes, quite fairly. Then, seeing hope of a lapse of the rigours of discipline in old Kernahan's dusty face, Stephen got his persuasive tongue to work.

"Stephen hadn't said a word for five minutes on end—an unusual thing for him.

"'What the dooce are you thinking about?' asked Hall, suddenly.

"'Oh, nothin'—merely picturing how nice a glass of beer looks when you hold it to the light and the bubbles race to the top—that's all. When you get the cool glass to your lips and you wink to the beauteous barmaid——'

"'For heaven's sake, shut up, you bloomin' realist!' said the Sa'g'nt, just as if something had hurt him.

"'I shouldn't have said anything,' said Stephen, 'if this place didn't seem strangely familiar to me. Why, yes, at the end of that lane there is a little country pub where they sell the best beer in all Blankshire! But discipline, as Devine says, is discipline. Otherwise we might try a welcome pint from those earthenware pots, in the little cool smoke-room.'

"'Where's Devine?' asked Kernahan suddenly. Stephen's oratory had fairly worked on his imagination.

"'He's gone back to the main body, I expect,' said Hall. 'Where's this place where they sell the product of the hop, Stephen?'

"Old Hall is one of the Barcelonas when he hasn't got anything official on.

"Stephen winked at me.

"'I'm not sure,' he said.

"'Well, if you aren't, there'll be Hell!' said Kernahan. 'What the devil did you start talkin' about cool earthenware pots for? Cut it out sharp; we'll chance Devine. Hang it all, I haven't got a drop left in my water bottle,' he says—and off we trotted.

"We tethered our horses up in the stable-yard and told a chap to see after 'em. Then we entered the little brick-floored bar that smelt of cheese and damp earth—you know the sort of thing. I heard a scuffling under the wooden table when I went in and then Kernahan says:

"'It's my day out. I'm payin' for the commissariat supply for all Terriers present.' He'd twigged khaki putteed legs under that table had old Kernahan—'including those two gentlemen of the Cyclists who find it cooler nearer the floor!' The truce, you must remember, was up and our word was free.

"He tipped up the table and asked Gibson and Houghton, very sweetly, what they'd like to drink—as his prisoners.

"'Well we can't do better than patronise your Colonel again,' says Gibson, getting up smiling. He'd smile at the Devil in Hell.

"'Eh?' says Kernahan.

"Gibson pointed out a framed affair on the wall in red and gold lettering:

"'TRY BLENKINSOP'S FINE ALES.'

"'Well, I'm hanged!' said old Kernahan. 'I knew our Colonel was a brewer—but fancy dropping on one of his little hostelries like this! But this beer is good,' says Kernahan, 'damn good!'

"We found it so good that we considerably overstopped the five minutes leave we'd kindly granted ourselves.

"Gibson was fast retailing the latest alleged funny story to Kernahan, when the old landlord announced that he could see two other Yeomen coming along the road.

"'Ask 'em in, then,' said Kernahan, 'the poor chaps must be dry.'

"And old Gibson went on with the story. Kernahan's back, you know, was to the door." Carteret burst out laughing. It was some moments before the company could shake him into any sort of coherence.

"The two Yeomen came in," Carteret gibbered, and subsided again, burying his face in the bunched billiard-table cover.

"Go on, you idiot!" said Trooper Brown, while the group smiled broadly.

"Oh, my godfathers, when shall I stop? Without lookin' round, Kernahan says to the two 'Yeomen,' when he heard their spurs clinkin' on the brick floor:

"'You try a pint of old Blenkinsop's beer,' he said. 'It's damn good!'

"I'd hidden my face behind a newspaper, so I don't know precisely how the Colonel looked when he tapped Kernahan on the shoulder and said:

"'I'm glad it's to your taste, Trooper Kernahan. Perhaps you and your friends will join Captain Devine and myself in a friendly pint of Blenkinsop's Fine Ale?'

"'Thank you, sir,' says Kernahan, lookin' a prize idiot, and feelin' it, no doubt.

"'And I think,' added the Colonel, 'that you men had better consider yourselves out of action.'

"It was the way the Colonel said it that was nasty — smooth but *very* cutting — devilish sarcastic.

"Poor old Kernahan—poor old Hall—poor old Stephen!" said Carteret, subsiding again. "My Gawd what a day, what a day!"

It took half a syphon of soda water concentrated on his face with deadly aim to restore the hysterical Trooper Carteret to some glimmering of sanity.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

AN OPINION FREELY EXPRESSED.

Johnson has bought a patch of land in the country and has erected a tent upon it; he is going to live close to Nature's heart, he says, where he can feel her pulse when he digs for roots.

There's a pond in his field. It's stagnant and covered with slime and weeds, but Johnson uses it for a bath all the same.

He's got the three best physicians in the world all on his own land, he says: light and water and wind. He's getting pretty light, I notice. He calculated that a bob a week ought to find a man.

He's quite welcome to a monopoly of that water, and if he can bring himself to rob the denizens of the woods of their winter food, it's a matter for his stomach and his conscience to wrestle with.

A dinner of herbs and indigestion does not strike me as being superior to a feast.

Johnson is not an Adonis when he's shaved, but Johnson with a couple of weeks' stubble comes precious near being taken for the missing link.

Johnson declares he can do exactly as he likes and is the only man since Adam who can. I doubt it, for the next field belongs to the parsonage, and the inmates are already making complaints.

When Johnson takes a sun bath, they can see by peeping through the hedge. Johnson says they shouldn't look; he's on his own land.

Johnson used to talk about the rights of Labour; now he sticks up for Landlordism.

Johnson belongs to those vegetarians who don't believe in cooking food. Mastication ought to take its place, he says. He presented me with a cocoanut in support of his theory.

"Well mixed with saliva it is most nutritious," he observed.

I returned it to him, remarking that it would seem to require the saliva of an elephant.

He looked at me a long time more in sorrow than in anger.

The next course consisted of acorns. I think he plays it rather low down on the squirrels and the pigs. He says we are all Nature's children, and that for his part he can't see what the Prodigal Son had to complain of, husks being nourishing.

Johnson tells me he is thinking of turning himself out to grass and folding his tent.

I wonder if there is any likelihood of his being turned into some other of Nature's children.

Johnson asked me to pay him another visit, said he would pander to my unhallowed taste and feed me on lentil messes, and, well, there is a girl I wanted to see again in his part of the country, so I accepted.

After the first meal with him—it was porridge with nuts in it and pretty nearly laid me out—I insisted on putting up at the "Spotted Dog," they do a chop well there.

I told him I couldn't think of making him spend more than a bob a week on food. He said I was a cannibal at heart.

It was the time of the agricultural show, and I played a practical joke on Johnson. I stuck up a placard: "This way to the real live man of the woods." And you should have seen the crowds of bucolic labourers trooping into Johnson's field.

Johnson was having his bath in the aforementioned pond. They wouldn't let him come out, there were so many standing on the edge of the pool, jeering and gaping at him.

They enjoyed it, if he didn't.

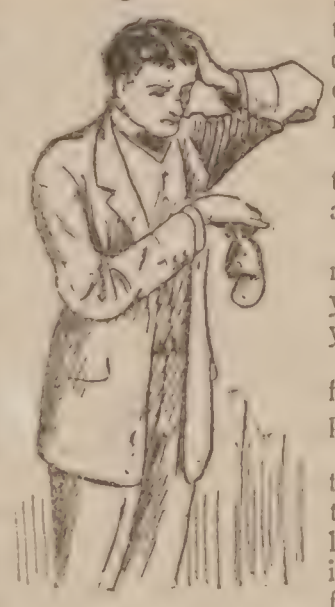
Johnson used not to be a coward, but the way he stood shivering among those weeds makes me think that living in the buff is a mistake, and that clothes do go a long way in making the man.

Johnson says there is a purer atmosphere about the Simple Life—it is freer from temptation. Possibly there is not much chance on twopence penny-worth of grub a week to make the pace that kills.

Sigismund Smith.

COMFORTING
OSOPHY.

On Being hard up



ists hold that
ould be hard
is so like them to wish to
of all that makes life worth

is it Gilbert sings in one of
ic operas?
n't one's life be awfully flat
nothing whatever to grumble
t?"

would be unutterably stale
profitable if we never had to
e at being hard up.
we" I mean more particularly
f us who are still struggling
dreaming of the day when
will be of less account than
s are now, and grousing at
ally empty pockets.
entally, success does not
rily put an end to our being
p. Your rich man generally
mself that he is hard up; the
ry sorrows of the millionaire are well-

do these men, who seem to you and me
yond the dreams of avarice, to have
ing that the heart of a man could de-
hy do they insist on their real impecuni-
Because being hard up is the salt of life.

RSE OF A COMPETENCE.

best thing that can happen to a young
to be hard up; some young men have a
ence and as a rule it is a curse to them.
a friend who might have been a world-
surgeon had he not had the misfortune
into a few hundreds a year after a most
t career in the medical schools. Just
year—not enough to enable him to cut
or make a splash, but sufficient to
the necessity of working, enough for en-
t in a selfish, self-indulgent sort of way.
man who starts life with a competence
ing that he does not go a mucker and do
e lot in) usually develops into a lounger,
mateur.
have considerable talents, but the
hard-upishness is missing. He potters
ting, writing, music, or whatever his
may be, or if his tastes are sporting he
some sport or game, which is
a natural and healthy pursuit to a
excess.

onally, I have always been hard up; I
shall be, partly because I haven't
big money, partly because I
nse to keep it when by chance any

EASURES OF UNCERTAINTY.

rtheless I question whether I should be
if I
Life is like a game of
hard up, life is a gamble,
and uncertainty.
I should be horribly bored if there
ainty about the rent and all the
one has to find.
hard up adds to the joys of being flush.
ll his riches, the millionaire cannot pur-
the delight that the unexpected "fiver"
to the impecunious. I mean the fiver that
ly a windfall, with which one may legiti-
have a mild jollification.
are degrees of being hard
matter of really short com-
ing hungrily in at the window of
not having the wherewithal to
my experience, the philo-
of empty pockets are mighty
But a moderate degree of im-
for one—more especially
and strong.
journalist and hard up (did you
e who wasn't?), life becomes an
You start out bright and
twopence-halfpenny and no re-
and you get home not quite so
ather late with £1 6s. 10d., balance
guineas which you most certainly earned by inducing a galvanised-iron-hearted editor to take an article he didn't particularly want, and then cajoling a triple-brass-bosomed cashier with conscientious scruples against paying out except on the first Friday of the month.

Being hard up has its pleasures, therefore it also has its pains, especially for the married man.

It is all very well being impecunious as a bachelor; none suffers save yourself; but it is the very devil when you have others dependent on you.

To have your wife wanting new frocks, your youngsters going shabby, perhaps even hungry—that is HELL.

Still, even in hard-up households there may be love, happiness and content, provided always that the absolute necessaries of life are forthcoming. Mother and kiddies share father's hopes and fears, rejoice with him when he "touches lucky," mourn with him when the gods are unkind.

There is often far more love, human kindness and jollity in a hard-up home than in the mansions of the rich.

All said and done, however, youth is the time for being hard up. When a man ceases to be hard up, in nine cases out of ten he ceases to be young.

F. WILLIS.

HARD FACTS.

The sharpest man has his blunt points.

* * * * * * *

If you'd take care of your health take air.

* * * * * * *

With, perhaps, the exception of her tongue, the modern woman can always hold her own.

* * * * * * *

Life is a mosaic. Many people make a rotten picture of it because they neglect the little bits.

* * * * * * *

Hens may not be very clever, but they don't cackle till they've laid the egg.

* * * * * * *

Bank notes may be full of microbes, but that will never make them unpopular.

* * * * * * *

The easiest thing in the world is to believe a pleasant lie about ourselves.

* * * * * * *

If you speak good of yourself you are distrusted, but if you speak bad of yourself you are always believed.

* * * * * * *

It's the things a woman doesn't say that puzzle a man.

* * * * * * *

If women ever take to house-breaking, a mouse will be the best watchdog.

* * * * * * *

A counterfeiter tells us that it's easier to make money than spend it.

* * * * * * *

When your pocket's empty it's waiting for your pride to be put in it.

* * * * * * *

It's the idle tongue that works overtime.

* * * * * * *

Married men invent the mother-in-law jokes, but only the bachelors dare laugh at them.

* * * * * * *

Good things may be cheap, but cheap things are seldom good.

* * * * * * *

If you feel you must tell a secret, go somewhere where you'll be alone. Then keep your mouth shut.

* * * * * * *

Some polite people are never popular. They're so polite they leave the impression that they want to borrow money.

* * * * * * *

Repartee is an insult with its dress suit on.

BUILDING THE RICK.

A BIT OF COUNTRY LIFE.

As you stand near the rick yard, watching with interest the busy scenes in progress as the high-piled carts come lumbering into the farm from the outlying fields, it may appear to you to be the simplest task in the world to build up the rick.

Surely that stalwart, bronzed young man, his face shining like polished copper in the heat and dust, finds it child's play to cope with the fork-loads that come tumbling over the top of the rick from the carts. But get up and try it, and you will change your views entirely.

To build a rick aright requires a large amount of skill, and to do it well a man must have acquired a variety of information and attributes that no townsman would have dreamed of finding in a "mere farm labourer."

For one thing a man needs to be very quick when on the top of a rick. He is perched up there on what is like a series of strong springs, for the massed hay has a bounce and a "throw" that is often enough to put a man on his back. All around him there come rolling up like billows huge fork-loads of hay from three or four places below, and he would soon find himself hopelessly smothered did he not know exactly how to deal with each bundle as it arrives, and to deal with it promptly.

It is far from being a question of merely spreading out the hay on a flat surface. The top of a growing rick is never flat. It is more like a pit, in the midst of which a man must stand. His greatest care is ever with the corners of the rick. Should one of these be weakly packed, there is sure to be disaster, and at a critical moment he would find himself precipitated to the ground, fortunate indeed if he did not land on the upturned spikes of one of the loaders' forks.

Not a square foot of the whole area of rick must be left unpacked.

He must keep passing to and fro everywhere, feeling, not with his hands, for they are occupied in dealing with fresh arrivals of hay, but with his feet. With experience he can tell exactly where a little extra packing is needed in order to give the rick that solidity which means safety. No holes must be left, no loose patches in the centre, where air can gather and generate heat and fire damp afterwards.

He works with hands and feet and head, and if he is a bungler he brings about his own downfall, literally. He cannot, like a gardener, work with a line to keep his rows level. He has only his eye to keep him right.

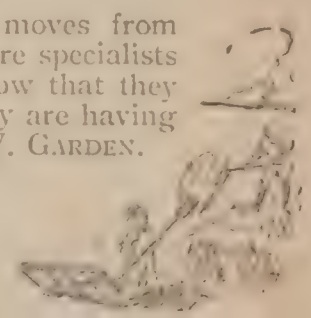
The sides of the rick must be straight, or when finished it will have a heavy list to one side or the other and the whole countryside will look with scorn upon the rick that needs half-a-dozen stout props to keep it from falling. There is great rivalry in these things in rural parts, and the builder of a "drunken rick," as they are often called, is a marked man. It takes many seasons of faultless work to efface the memory of one indifferent job.

By degrees the top is reached, and then the builder works from a ladder, giving the requisite slope to the roof so that it will take the straw thatch well and securely.

And then he descends and surveys his handiwork and footwork, well satisfied if he has given the rick a comely waist and a shape that spreads gracefully to the top. Taking a long wooden-toothed rake, he goes round the rick, combing the loose and straggling hay that hangs from its sides. And when all is trim and neat and shapely, he hands over his work to the thatcher who caps it with its straw umbrella until such time as the sharp two-handled hay knife cuts deep into the hay, well set and matured, and the horses nose into it with delight through the succeeding months.

Many a man in rural England moves from farm to farm rick building. They are specialists in their work, and the farmers know that they are trustworthy. And just now they are having a busy time.

T. W. GARDEN.



Where Men Foregather.

XXVI. ON THE RACE-COURSE.

The observant will, perhaps, have noticed that sportsmen of these days are divided into two distinct sections: those that take active part in a sport and others that prefer the rôle of spectaters, yet get full enjoyment, pleasure, and excitement therefrom.

Of the latter class are the men who go racing. I speak now of those to whom the great game is a pleasure, not a business—those whose delight it is, when Saturday afternoon affords a welcome half-holiday, to spend their leisure out in the open of the beautiful parks around London where races are held. They leave their business cares behind them, take a little money with them to indulge in a bit of mild speculation to give some interest to the sport, and there, on the open course, you will find these young men in their element, a pleased smile on their faces, and the sportsmanlike ability to joke when their "plunge" (of "half a dollar" or so) "goes down wallop."

THE SPORTING YOUNG MAN.

During a comprehensive, varied, but nevertheless pleasurable association with the characters of all sorts that foregather on the race-course, the writer has yet to meet a type of man who more thoroughly enjoys an afternoon's racing than the young fellow from London who makes the sport his hobby to glory in about once a week. Money to irresponsible youth is but worth the good times it purchases, and money might be worse spent than on an afternoon in the fresh air and sunshine combined with the mild speculative excitement of the park meetings outside London. Trouble only comes when that young man, finding that one day's racing per week is not enough for him, bothers his head about it daily and thus, when Racing interferes with his business—gives up his business!

But the race-course is a world of which the sporting young man from London composes but an infinitesimal portion of the population. There are men on the other side of the rails where the bookies bellow in Tattersall's Ring, to whom the result of a race is a far more serious affair, although there are none of the reckless aristocratic plungers of the old days left to bet in thousands, or, for that matter, bookmakers like the late Mr. Davies who laid the late Sir Joseph Hawley £30,000 to £2,000 against Teddington for the Derby.

THE COMMISSION MEN.

It is, in fact, a hard matter on most courses to get even a "beggarly couple of hundred" on in ready-money at a fair price—hence "starting price jobs" executed "away," another mystery of race-course business, which does not call for explanation here.

The men who work the "small" ready-money commissions for the various stables, are a reserved class. They are very unassuming, both in appearance and speech.

Unless someone tells you that this is their business, you would never know it—but behind their expressionless, sphinx-like faces, there is a knowledge that is dear to the cute racing man. They are fully cognisant of "stable coups"; they know of classic "youngsters" who have been highly tried and are "expected" on their first outing—but they keep it very much to themselves.

Above the stands, the clock points to three minutes before the race. Suddenly you observe certain mild-looking gentlemen waving their arms about and signalling to someone in the smaller rings. Then they dive into the close-packed shouting ring and approach the "big" bookmakers, investing "fivers" here and "tenners" there, swiftly and quietly. It is all done in half-a-minute or so, and simultaneously all over Tattersall's and in the "tanks," so that no chance is given for the price to shorten against the dark horse they are backing.

Then they retire to the back of the stands and compare notes as to what odds have been obtained against their employer's horse. Strangely enough — as those who do not know the inside of the race-course might remark—they are men of unimpeachable integrity.

It is a fine "job" to have charge of a big racing clique's financial speculations, and well worth the keeping, because either the fixed salary is good, or there is commission to draw on winnings, and nothing to pay if the projected "stable coup" does not materialise. In racing parlance, they are "on something to nothing every time," which even the uninitiated must admit is the very best of odds. These men have earned their position firstly for their unerring business foresight, secondly, their ability to organise, and lastly—but most important of all—their reliability in all matters financial.

But be warned! Their interest is their employer's. As a class they are polite. Yet, when you see an unobtrusive, benevolent-looking man attired in quiet, but well-cut clothes, forget that I have told you who he probably is, and ask him no questions, for racing men who are really worth speaking to—and few, alas! are—will not give away stable secrets to the first stranger who accosts them.

WOMEN RACE-GOERS.

There are other places besides Ascot and Goodwood where the fair sex dabble in racing. Where they go for the pleasure of the thing and not to show off their gowns, they foregather pretty generally with the men, and woman's strength lies in her very frailty.

What hard-hearted man could bewilder a lady with such calculations as a "nine-to-four" offer would involve? "Make it an even three to one, Mr. Bookmaker." "Certainly to you, ma'am!" And the gallant bookmaker pays out the fivers ungrudgingly, even with an amorous smile.

A stroll from all this turmoil of the race-course to the quiet, cool shade of the paddock brings you at once into the higher society and the very heart of the game. Here is the noble owner who goes racing for the love of the thing, and here, too, the "small" owner who races not for the benefit of the British public, but runs horses merely for the greed of gain, and it is whispered among the "talent" that he is a "hot member." This must not be mistaken for flattery.

THE OWNER'S REWARDS.

Owners are very much of the same outward appearance, with the exception of the fact that the man who has two or three selling platers dresses rather better than the owner of classic "ten thousand pounder" winners. Yet they all seem to smoke the big cigar of arrogance and jingle much wealth in their capacious pockets.

It is a noble thing to be an owner. The newspaper men photograph you "saddling" your horse for the big race, a job you probably hate and cannot do properly—but what is the use of spending so many thousands a year on racing if one cannot at least gain publicity? The trainer will usually see that securely fixed ere the horse goes t he has a passing regard for the The thing that overwhelms me ent see a plebeian little tub of a man a saddle a really beautiful racehors foul-mouthed, perspiring little grand animal's master—the superior God save the mark!

By the saddling enclosure are the whose names are household words, you see them lounging up against the tired in covert coats that nearly hide gether, it seems that they are not troubling all about the fact that in the next race they be entrusted, practically every one of them the fate of thousands of pounds—and very ably they do *not* trouble about it either.

NOT QUITE ANGELIC.

Several of the boys look more like cher than finished horsemen. But when you hea enraged clerk of the scales shouting to one them to "buck up"—and the youngster pro consigns the clerk of the scales climes—then it seems that he is but an ord mortal after all.

In the same paddock you may observe a seedy-looking individuals strolling about, w appearance is quite out of keeping with Bond Street clothes of the owners and th of the jockeys. These gentry, you will f you allow them to borrow a match from yo certain that "ours is going to win the next the horse they mention *does* win they will you for a little present of half-a-crown after the race.

They are not the much-written-about co trick men. They are merely hors who do odd jobs in the stables, ingly useless for all else. Poor are as eloquent of the rottenness of the well-dressed people are of its better

MOUNTING.

The saddling bell rings, and after "owner's final orders"—of which the rarely takes any particular notice, has the trainer's instructions—the j into the saddle amid much "Whoa!" when some equine aris group of spectators flying as he lash the horses are led from the pad course in a long line. You see the reins firmly, young Wootton stirrup, and Higgs nods to one Thus the procession passes, an sight.

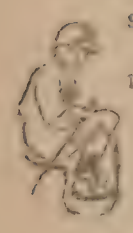
There is something magnetic about of horse-racing which is possessed by other. You see admiration kindling in of all but the most harden There is a subtle something in this that has command over men—a touch ficence, infinitesimal, but still the whole atmosphere. Unless you ar tirely you walk from the paddock to th pitying those who have not seen these the better side of racing.

THE REASON FOR IT ALL.

Now comes the reason—why the young man from London devotes his day to sport, why the bookie "commission" worker pinches the owner saddles the horse, lounges in the paddock, why hopes to earn a present, why —the race. And it is really wonde lot more than the foregoing centres are little space of time devoted to speed.

A hush falls on the packed course horses swing round at the tapes—the by the weighing frame clangs like Doom.

"Off!" "Something's leading." whacked at the turn!" "What's that in and-so cap?" "Gad! he rolls home! bloomin' likely!" "Danny's mount for sand!" "There, I told he'd win danger! If I haven't backed the plum South in the [illegible]



Yourself

I may not quite like my ...ing it in that way; you may ...e inclined to dispute the ...tion. Nevertheless it is true. After all, what more natural ...n to be enthusiast in the ...dy of the one being whose ... mean so much to ...ose emotions are so ... and varied, whose adven... so remarkable—in ...ose character, just as so altogether different ... character of any man ... met?

... perfectly well there ... exaggeration in those ... you do believe there has ... a human being like ... the human race was created, and ... greater part of your existence in ...nt at the fact.

... never tired of trying to understand ... you are constantly finding traits in ... was unsuspected, and still ... hidden and unrevealed that you ... unflagging.

..., in fact, is so acute that it is ... supreme pleasures of your life to en... ...re your personality (parts of it) ... of others, so as to get their ... it.

YOU GRIND WITH ONE THOUGHT.

... goes to in order to describe ...ies, and the care he takes to ex... does so merely impersonally, as ... that it is the duty of everyone to ... be simply unbelievable if we ... done the same thing ourselves.

... when you get a couple of individuals en... such solemn converse, you will see, if ... how impatiently one listens while the ... speaking. He is anxiously waiting for ... to make self-revelations; the individu... the other man is, he is sure, infinitely ... singular than his own. They will compare ...ations, experiences, outlook; they will find ...ts of similarity, perhaps, and if they do, the ... ...h other will perceptibly increase.

... you find a character something like ... you like and admire it. But in your ... hearts you don't believe it approximates ... marvel of your own. You admire it be... ...e you admire yourself so immeasurably.

WHAT YOU CONCEAL.

... spoke of laying bare parts of that self of ... I did it intentionally. There are some ...hat you are as close about as an oyster, ... things in you that are always concealed. ... yes. And they're not pearls, either! They ... the things of which you are ashamed. ... perchance, someone should find them out— ... you undergo much mental remorse, not be... ...use the ugly things are there—that circum... ...ance has not been a perpetual agony to you— ...use they have been detected.

... you can find no listener to your per... ...about yourself you find the next best ... the personality of another, ... incredible dexterity in picking ... parts of him. And, oddly ... unpleasant parts—or weaknesses. ... the very ones you know you

... "I may be so-and-so—what fel... ..., anyhow, I shouldn't like to ... like that!"

... ... impositions and the friendliest ... ... It is practically impossible ... ... action in praise of anybody but ... ... You know you mean antipathy with... ... ...ut feeling that you are a friend. ... ...ething amused. I can feel it. But wait a bit. I have a few kinder observations to make, and they will be equally true.

I am far from laughing or sneering at you. I admit you are unique. Every soul prisoned in a human body is unique.

You have a higher opinion of yourself than anybody else, but you have also a lower one now and then.

You have hours of happiness and moments of intense and bitter suffering.

You perform contemptible actions that you go in living dread of anyone finding out, and you do noble and unselfish things sometimes for which you have the same dread of discovery.

You have some weaknesses that you confess readily because you ape candour, but your secret desire is to be considered something of a dog, don'tcher know. Yet you have very likely gone without a dinner to give some miserable-looking devil a bob, and thought yourself more fool than hero when doing so.

CONTRASTS.

You are at once a Pharisee and a sinner, a Samaritan and a passer-by on the other side.

You are a coward, a liar, a slanderer, a man of truth, courage, honour and sincerity.

You are sometimes a beast and sometimes an angel.

You have visions of heaven and long looks at hell.

You play the fool with a hot head, and pay with a cold heart, and know that you have received little for your money.

You make a mess of things and come a cropper; you get up, rub your head, curse yourself more than anybody else, set your teeth, and have another go.

You feel joy in fighting when the fight once starts, but if there was nobody about you would bolt out of funk beforehand.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE.

You fall in love, and you and the girl are never so happy as when you are alone together, because lovers always talk about themselves.

You want to do great deeds because you have great love for a woman, and your accomplishment falls pitifully short of your aspiration.

You go back to her beaten, bruised, disheartened, and she kisses you and tells you you're the best man in the world, and because you believe her you try to prove it.

You like to think that you're a man, but sometimes it is better to feel a child.

Badly as life may be using you, you would never change personality with anyone else.

Why? Because you think there has never been a man quite like Yourself. And you are right.

A. G. STORM.

KEEPING SMART.

You know the man who always looks trim and well dressed at any hour of the day.

You find him in every office.

At mid-day, and even at six o'clock, his hair is as smooth and trim as it was in the morning, while no matter how dry the streets may be and no matter how gusty the wind, his boots are always free from dust.

This result is not obtained without trouble, but it is worth the trouble, for a smart appearance not only predisposes people in your favour but enhances your own self-respect.

The man whose appearance is always tidy, keeps somewhere handy a rag that he can dust his boots with, and a pocket comb and a small mirror with which he can keep his hair in order, and he washes his hands more frequently than most people do.

ROUNDABOUT WITH A GUN.

SPORT ON A FARM.

Save me from the shooting party with its bewildering rules, written and unwritten! But give me an up-and-down farm of many acres, and a gun, and I will spend as happy a day as man can desire.

I hate sport when you take it as a matter of form, as a kind of fashionable outing, and that, I fear, is what the average shooting party has now become.

It affords you but small opportunity for the study of nature or of the habits of the game.

Give me a day's sport all on my own, so that I can do just as I like.

I ask for nothing better.

The farm should have woods and well-hedged fields, a stream, and gentle hills, and spreading pastures and many gates. In such a place a man can wander while a day runs out, and, gun in hand, find ample sport, the better since it may need looking for.

When the sun has driven the heavy dews from the long grass of the fields, and when birds and rabbits and hares have reappeared from their early morning retirement after a night's activity, a start should be made. It is as well to take in the farm's extent and shape, so that a rough plan may be made out to ensure a perfect circuit of its fields without too much turning on one's tracks, for wild creatures take a long time to reappear when once scared from their morning playgrounds.

A man may walk far without once raising the gun to his shoulder, but at every step he never knows what may present itself, and he is kept on the alert. To me this expectation of surprise constitutes one of the chief pleasures of outdoor life.

The fisherman may sit a day without a bite or a rise, but at no moment of the day can he say with certainty that the record fish is not coming along. Similarly the man with a gun may meet a target at any turn in the hedge. He will approach each gate with infinite caution, peering through its bars as he advances, anticipating a feeding rabbit as he turns into the field. Perhaps before he reaches the gate a rabbit will scuttle from the grass beneath his feet, and, cool sportsman that he is, he will swing round and give the little creature a run as he takes surer aim, and the first shot brings down half to-morrow's lunch.

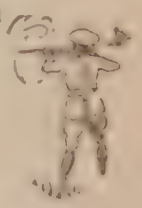
Throughout the day, rabbits will be his chief concern, though at intervals he may chance to get a right and left into the scanty remnants of a covey of partridges that have escaped the onslaught of the squire and his friends and have settled down upon the farmer's land where greater peace awaits them.

At an easy pace he covers many acres, and at midday as he leans upon a gate, contentedly watching the burrows in the corner of the field, he gets a shot at a daring couple that come bounding up above the grass, unaware of his presence.

As he passes along the wood, the pigeons make off with a loud clatter of wings, on the opposite side, and cheat him of a difficult shot. Where the farmer's land touches the squire's broad acres, he may chance to catch sight of the keeper across the hedge, and a little diplomacy may lead to more exciting sport, for a reasonable tip to the man in velveteen will secure a wider field, a greater variety of game, and a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

There are few keepers who will miss a chance of companionship on their long rounds through wood and field, for to them the gun is but a symbol of their servitude and even shooting can become monotonous. Tea at the keeper's cottage, hidden behind the trees and surrounded by a cordon of well-trained dogs, concludes a happy day, and as the sportsman walks homeward he lights his pipe contentedly. His farmer friend receives him with a little extra cordiality, as he sees the bag thrown down upon the kitchen flagstones.

C. EASTON-GREY.



The Rotter.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

There had been rain — a warm-dropped summer shower that had cooled the heated air of Piccadilly.

The sun was sinking in the watery yellow sky, where dark clouds still hovered, and the yellow light tipped the outline of the statue of Ariel.

The traffic rumbled on through the freshness of the evening, and a policeman in the Circus took off his dripping waterproof cape.

"Luv'ly," he said to himself simply.

From the direction of Rupert Street there came the sound of a man singing.

The policeman pricked up his ears. "Griddling" is not allowed in Rupert Street, Piccadilly, W.

The air now was delightfully calm and sweet. Someone apparently actually could not contrive to live on it alone, and was singing to obtain a few coppers. Ruminating on the inherent dissatisfaction of the poorer classes, Robert stalked off to stop this breach of the peace of London, as ordered by his duty. The Inspector was "hot" on this sort of thing.

The song, too, was strange and not without some tune to it. A piano accompaniment, Robert thought, would have improved it.

"Griddlers" usually attempted to sing hymns or murder "Love me and the w-world is mine!" Robert was rather tired of this class of entertainment.

As he walked heavily up Rupert Street, the song was borne clearly on the light breeze:

"Forty years on when afar and asunder
Parted are those that are singing to-day,
When we look back and regretfully wonder
What we have been in our work and our play."

Robert stopped, ostensibly to "move on" a pair of ladies who were waiting for the artificial light to make their complexion attractive to the masculine eye. He heard the thing out even to the refrain:

"Follow up, follow up, till the field rings again,
Rings with the tramp of the twenty-two men!"

The singer, a tall, middle-aged man, dressed in threadbare clothes that had once been fashionable, ended up rather despairingly.

Robert walked up gravely.

"Not in this street, mate," he said, not unkindly.

"All right, constable. Sorry—sorry."

There was a touch of something better than his appearance about this man's intonation, but it did not surprise Robert. It was an every-day incident. Such things had affected him when he was new to the job. He had even unconsciously said: "Can't be helped. Dooty, sir," to the Legion of the Fallen, but custom had hardened him rather. There is no sentiment in business—or should not be.

"Move on, my man, and turn it up or there'll be trouble, y'know," Robert added pompously.

At that moment from an upper window an iron-grey haired man looked out.

"Hi, constable! You let him alone! He's doing it very nicely. Bit of a change after 'The green hill far away.' You wait there a second, my man."

A moment later a thick-set man—in the prescribed evening dress and opera hat, and smoking a cigar—emerged from a doorway marked "Bachelors' Chambers" and crossed to where the singer and the constable were standing.

"Constable," he said, "I think that the Circus requires your attention. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Robert, deftly palming a half-crown. These were the perquisites of his job as a West-End constable.

He marched off with dignified air.

"Now," said the man in evening dress, "where did you hear that song?"

The "griddler" looked up shamefacedly.

"Never mind. Thanks," he said, and turning began to walk off briskly. The man in evening dress caught him up and gripped his shoulder.

"Where did you hear that song?" he repeated, "an' when?"

"Years ago," replied the "griddler." "I'm sorry, now, that I sang it, but——"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. The iron-grey haired man nodded.

"Can you remember?" he asked keenly.

"They've left me my memory," said the street singer, smiling faintly.

"Then perhaps you can finish this. *Sans peur et*——"

"*Sans reproche*. Without fear and without reproach—but it doesn't apply to me now."

"What else can you remember? Try a cigar It may help you."

"Thanks. It's good, very good. I can remember a mailed fist above the motto and the red rose of the old school; the tablet in the chapel to those of Ours who fell at Maiwand. *Sans peur et sans reproche*! Oh, God, why do you remind me of all this when I'm defiling the old song in the streets of London to-night?"

"I don't know. Because it's a fancy of mine. I can pay for my fancies, you know. The 'forty years on' have left me, I suppose, with something to be thankful for—although I did curse the tailor about the cut of this waistcoat—and I suppose that——"

"I've no waistcoat to curse about. You're right. *Sans peur* and *sans* waistcoat."

The "griddler" laughed a little bitterly.

"Well, damn it, you shan't want for one good evening out anyhow! No. When one meets one of the old school, who knows the song, in adversity, then . . . . Between gentlemen, I tell you! Pay me—when we meet in—Hansom!"

He drove off. The "griddler" opened his somewhat grimy palm.

A sovereign lay there.

"One good evening out"—that was his benefactor's way of putting it nicely—as if he had any right to spend a sovereign in an evening! But it would be good to rise out of the squalor for one night—good to have someone say "Sir" again.

An "evening out." Yes, what did it matter after all?

What was he? Only a Rotter—that was what they had all called him. It is only the rank Rotters that really fail.

So a sovereign, which could not raise him to his old plane, was really of no use to him. It meant a better room for a week and, perhaps, something less ordinary than usual for breakfast.

Well, he would spend, say, a quarter of it. The hansoms were rattling by and taxi-cabs were conveying people to the theatres. Why should he not go to a theatre?

He was standing now on the kerb at the Piccadilly end of Rupert Street. A policeman suggested he should move on.

"I beg your pardon," said the Rotter, heartily, with the air of one who means nothing of the sort.

He slipped an odd threepence he had into the constable's hand and wondered why the man stared.

Then he felt his chin. Of course, he wanted a shave, and he was hungry.

It was characteristic of this change that he should visit the barber's first and par refreshment afterwards.

His clothes well brushed, and polished, made a difference. A clean c his frayed cuffs carefully trimmed, matters.

He did not feel a whit embarrassed purchased an upper circle ticket for the As he walked up the soft-carpeted stairs, shrank from him, no one told him to go One girl actually threw him a sort of a smile. Thank goodness he had not low—and fashions now were in favour attire.

It seemed odd to be shown to a seat be handed a programme, to tip the lean back and take a view of the theatre.

And now the orchestra was Around him the people were laughing gaily.

A young man behind him relieved a cloak. These little courtesies of ever He did not know they were dear to

Two or three fellows stood smoki corridor—the Rotter could see them he sat—laughing over some sma bably. They had not rubbed sh Poverty.

The Rotter began to disbelieve that either. A bad mistake—a few years o —that was all. It must be live

The Rotter told himself he would on the morrow—go round the try. The waistcoat could be bo but those few lines in favour? No. But a hundred schemes for circumv difficulty flooded the Rotter's brain. not go back outside—to the streets.

The two boxes opposite him, he notice empty. The Rotter kept his eyes on the bably they would be tenanted shortly by girl or two, and there were already som packed stalls below, but he coul them except their hair. The boxes too, were empty. What did they rem of? He racked his brain. He had s thing of the kind before somewhere bac life. . . .

Of course! He grasped it at last. the habit of the Old Boys' Club of his sch hold a dinner annually, and to afterwards.

He, of course, had been a m dered how many of them were that fine old school that linked boyhood to death itself.

He called a flunkey. Yes, his s correct. It was the night of the din

His thoughts were interrupted by the of the boxes opposite and below him. note was handed to the wavy haired co by a page boy. The conductor n Rotter knew what was coming now himself against his feelings as well as It was the usual custom on that ni orchestra crashed out the old song "Forty years on when afar and

The audience naturally went on knowing. The men in evening boxes rose respectfully. The sprang up in his place.

"Rings with the tramp of the twenty- The chorus concluded.

"Here!" the Rotter whispered to if answering at call over.

* * * * *

The Rotter had seen but little of the pl had simply kept his eyes on that box, if possible, one of the old faces.

He was living for the interval, whe undue ostentation, he could catch thre the stalls lounge/bar and listen to them perhaps of the old days, hear some mentioned, gather news of those away.

The curtain was rung down on the fir the play, and the Rotter hurried out the corridor and down the stairs into lounge bar. He was conscious t was beating quickly, and his eage must show on his face.

He approached the door of the bar cautiously. There was a popping of corks and much laughter, and someone was whistling snatches of the ...ng.

They would not know him after all these . . . . He would stroll inside casually—... to hear them talk.

He smoked a cigar, revelling in it all, yet ...ing that none should recognise him. But ...couldn't know his face now—the cheeks ...in furrows and the forehead lined. . . . .

"I often wonder," said a dark moustached ... his military tones rising above the hum of ...versation, "what became of John Court-...."

The Rotter opened his programme hastily and ... it intently.

"... was never very lucky," someone ob-...

"No, p'raps not," said another whose face ... tanned with tropical suns. "The last I ...eard of him was that he was doing well ...Buluwayo way, though."

"That's good," said one of the older men. "Courtney was before most of you young chaps' time. Decent fellow, but wild—very wild. However, that's the motto, you know, 'Without fear'—in love, or in war."

"And was Courtney 'without reproach' also?" asked a younger man smiling.

"Absolutely!"

Then they didn't know! The Rotter bowed his head and thanked Heaven silently and fer-...

"I've seen Courtney since the time you speak of, Major," said a voice at the back of the group, "in England."

"England!" chorused half-a-dozen of the old... men.

"... doing well, too."

The Rotter raised a frightened face. It was the voice of his benefactor of an hour since.

"Coining sov-...., you might say, sing-...."

"I never knew Courtney had much of a ...," said the Major stiffly, as one who disliked the story altogether.

"Well, he was singing to a very large audi-...ence when I heard him," said the first speaker drily, "and, what was more, he was singing the song."

He could get no further, for the men broke in singing it softly:

"... follow up, follow up, till the field rings again,
Rings with the tramp of the twenty-two ... men!"

"...," said the Major, raising his glass, "a ...per—and perhaps this gentleman will ... us?"

"Thank you." The Rotter accepted a glass of wine, but he kept his eyes averted, and his hand trembled. Something flushed his face.

"*Sans peur et sans reproche!*" said the Major.

The crowd echoed it and drank.

Then there was the sound of a heavy fall and a glass smashing to smithereens on the tiled floor.

The Major hurriedly bent over the prostrate man.

"Good!" he said. "John Courtney!"

"Yes," replied the Rotter faintly.

He had answered to the last Call Over.

NEGLECTED WALKING.

The leading medical journal has recently been ... public attention to the ill effects mis-... of exercise, and particularly from ... in the popularity of walking.

... train fares, motor-'buses and tubes are responsible for this, and it is to be ...ed that the saving of our time is entail-... the loss of our health.

A straight tip to those who have not the time ... in for sport, is this: walk to your work ... back from it, and you will feel twice as fit. Walking is second only to horse riding as a builder of health and stamina.

They never would be missed.—GILBERT.

The Yankee tourist; we could do without him; or, at least, a good many of him.

To begin with, he wears such awful clothes; his ridiculous little straw hat, his extraordinary and woeful combinations of colours that do not harmonise, fairly spoil the landscape, and make one long to put a dish-cover over him.

His manners also are abominable; he comes to this country, and, having started with the fixed determination of seeing the worst side of everything, he spends his time in abusing us and our institutions in a voice that sets your teeth on edge.

Nobody asked him to come here, and even if he doesn't like us, he might keep quiet about it till he gets back to the diseased-tinned-meat can from which he sprang.

COMPLAINTS AND CONCEIT.

He is so bally unreasonable; he squeals and yowls because our restaurants don't have clam-chowder and other weird American dishes on the menu; what would he say if an Englishman asked for Devonshire junket, or Yorkshire "turf cakes" in a New York restaurant?

Also he swanks; he'll take an attic in a first-class hotel, but that is about all he does take there except the hotel note-paper and any other unconsidered mementoes he can annex.

He feeds at some cheap hash-shop round the corner, but at other times he is very much in evidence on the portico, telling anybody how they could put the Hotel Cecil into the billiard-room of the Something Hotel, Busterville, U.S.A.

He spends precious little money, and is meaner than a Levantine Jew. Further, he eats in disgusting fashion, a remark which also applies to the gobbling German tourist, but, having already expressed my views on Germans in THE MODERN MAN, I need not repeat them.

The American tourist, loud, boastful, intolerably self-sufficient, carping, mean, and in many other ways most offensive, we could very well do without him.

MEN GOSSIPS.

The gossip in trousers—he never would be missed.

The female scandalmonger is bad enough, but the male tittle-tattler is ten times worse. He is such an unmanly beast, so entirely lacking in the manly virtues of minding his own business, and speaking ill of none.

I know such a one. He is the terror of the seaside resort where he resides. Let him buttonhole you and he will pour into your ears a flood of scandal about the promenaders on the front. Where he gets his information from I don't know, but he is often to be seen gossiping with bath-chair attendants, and even ladies'-maids and valets.

The male gossip is one of the most despicable creatures on God's earth, and we could very well do without him.

Men we could do without.

The food-faddist—he is another rank nuisance.

Of course, he is entitled to his opinions, but he doesn't want anyone else to have any. And then his gospels are so gloomy.

The health crank is closely allied to the food-faddist, and as great a nuisance, with his discoveries of dangerous microbes in pretty well everything that is enjoyable. Men with fads we could comfortably do without, for as a rule they are wicked bores.

THE BABU.

The Indian who comes over here, makes the most of the hospitality we offer him, and then goes back to India to preach sedition and vilify our country and our race; we could get along without him.

Indeed, it is a great mistake to allow natives of India to come here at all. In India the white man is a god and is treated as such. The Indian comes over here, and sees the man he has been taught there to regard as a superior being living here in very modest style, and he goes back and says that the Sahib after all is a person of no account and that the power of the English race is a hollow pretence.

The murderer of Sir Curzon Wyllie lived in London lodgings. He had white women to wait on him. He was their superior. The idea of a white woman waiting on a black man in India is too preposterous for words.

The black man should never be disillusioned in his idea of us as a superior race to whom he must at all times bow the knee, and therefore we could do without him in England.

A SPORTING NUISANCE.

The bogus amateur—sport could very well get along without him.

He is the canker that is rotting our sports, and without altogether admitting our athletic decadence, there is no doubt that many fine and genuine athletes are kept out of modern games and sports by the presence of doubtful amateurs with whom they very rightly do not care to associate.

I don't want to introduce politics, but we certainly could do without the "Little Englanders," the skunks who are the friends of every country but their own, and who make a hero or a martyr of every traitor and rebel to the British flag.

We could do too without those ex-Indian civil servants who spend their time encouraging disloyal Indians, and in every way trying to harm the Service from which they draw their fat pensions.

And we haven't very much use for a certain class of Labour M.P.'s and agitators who live by promoting useless strikes and will say anything to get a little cheap applause.

SOME PARSONS.

We could do without the political parson, who drags Christ into the mire of politics, and I don't know that we should shed salt tears if we were to see the last of the advertising cleric, who will do anything from starting a new religion to singing a comic song in order to gain a little disgusting notoriety.

We could do without the teetotal fanatic, who believes that a man imperils his immortal soul and his human body by taking an occasional glass of beer.

We could do without self-advertising actors and novelists, anæmic young men who live on digestive pills, seaside mashers, fishing liars and golfomaniacs.

The golf lunatic is particularly noxious, and his absence from our midst would be a perceptible relief to the majority of us.

He is the more objectionable because we know, some of us all too well, that there is much truth in what he says about the fascination of his game.

He wants others to enjoy it—or to waste their time over it.

Oh, there are lots of men we could do without, but the trouble is that they are always with us.

LESTER J. BUSH.

THE MONK.

A SKETCH.

He was a picturesque figure as I came upon him in the calm of a summer evening. He was leaning over the low wall which separated the monastery garden from the little country lane which wound up and up to the pine-clad hills.

His cowl was flung back and his eyes were fixed on the distant horizon.

I had a good view of his face, with its dark, aquiline features and deep-set eyes, in which glowed a fire quite out of keeping with his garb; and the strong, muscular hands, through which the beads of his rosary dropped mechanically, looked as if they were more familiar with the trigger of a gun or the handle of a sword, more used to the ribbons and to the oar than their present peaceful occupation of telling beads.

That his thoughts were far away was plain from the smile which crossed his lips from time to time—the smile of vivid recollection.

It was the face of a man who had lived, and had not forgotten.

Of what was he thinking?

Of the pleasures when youth's wine ran red in his veins, and the purple fruits of desire hung within his reach?

Was it regret or remorse that darkened his brow? Was his erstwhile stormy soul at peace?

He smiled again, and his face was very evil—in that smile the man's past was laid bare.

I was spending a few weeks in one of the midland shires, and a mile or so away from the little village where I was staying was a modern monastery. The chapel, a replica of a historic ruin, was set like a jewel on the green swelling bosom of the beautiful hills. Some of the brethren walked about the village and neighbourhood in their mediæval habits.

Long ago the villagers had grown accustomed to them, ay, and imposed upon their charity right often.

In the distance, when the wind ruffled their black cloaks, disclosing their white habits, they looked like huge human magpies, whose chatter was well-nigh incessant, from the jolly old Prior, with his over six feet of solid flesh, to the fresh-faced lad who had said farewell to the world before he knew what he was giving up.

But the man I am speaking of never went outside the walls of his monastery. Many times I saw him—always in the same place—sometimes with his breviary open before him on the top of the wall, sometimes telling his beads, sometimes meditating.

On the last four Things? Perhaps!

Yet once, as I saw him stroking the patches of soft green moss that encrusted the wall and noted his smile, I fancied he was thinking of a girl's soft cheek or a woman's braids of hair, and that he was living over again those days when women were represented by but one, the Madonna, as now, when he gathered other and richer blossoms than the great Mary lilies that sent up their strong perfumed shafts in the monastery garden, when before his mental vision, instead of the seven stars in the Virgin's crown, there flashed the jewels of earth, encircling round white throats and pulsing on bare white bosoms.

I never learnt what his name was nor why he had chosen the cloistered life.

The last time I visited that village I strolled up the lane and into the little graveyard where the monks sleep. There was one mound over which the kindly mantle of green had not yet had time to spread, and a plain wood cross.

Perchance the man I was interested in rested there, for he was no longer to be seen leaning over the low wall in the dusk of summer evenings when the bats flit by on noiseless wings and the melancholy hoot of the owl breaks the silence of the wood.

And as I went home along the quiet lanes I found myself repeating the old, old words:

"Requiescat in pace."

GILBERT B. SMALLWOOD.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE FASCINATION OF TRAVELLING.

I believe I have already told you that I live an hour's journey out of London, and consequently two hours of each of my twenty-four are spent in a railway train.

I do not consider this to be time wasted, for I spend it in dealing with manuscripts, letters or some other part of my business, or else I get in a little necessary sleep—always tipping the guard in advance if I intend to do so in order that I shall be awakened at my station.

Railway travelling exercises in some way a stimulating effect upon my mind, and I find that I work better in the train than I can anywhere else.

Such being the case, I indulge from time to time in railway journeys of rather an exceptional character.

Not infrequently I run up for a week-end to Aberdeen, travelling overnight in each case. It means twelve hours in the train both times, and seven or eight of these hours I work, sleeping during the others.

As the Scotch express swings through the darkness—and they do put the speed on when they suppose that all their passengers are asleep—there come to me what might perhaps be glorified by the name of inspirations, thoughts, anyhow, that are reflected in this paper and its character.

A HURRIED VISIT.

I have just returned from a dash to Norwich. What my business was is outside the question. Suffice it to say that it was private and important.

I left town by the last train—the 10.7 p.m. from Liverpool Street—and ought to have reached Norwich at two o'clock, but it was nearer three when I eventually arrived at the Royal Hotel. The night porter let me in, and ten minutes later I was beneath the sheets and asleep.

The purpose of my visit to Norwich was to call on someone whom I could not reasonably visit till after ten o'clock. By nine I had breakfasted, and was walking about the streets, and by half-past I had spotted a likely looking hansom with a good bit of horseflesh between the shafts; at a quarter to ten I chartered the cab and directed the driver where to set me down.

We drove along the streets and over the tramlines till we came to a place where the electric cars ceased to make themselves a nuisance, and then we bowled along green country lanes. Eventually we came to the gate of the house where I was to pay my visit.

A CHECK.

The cabby, being cautious, drove slowly, but his off-side wheel caught on the gate-post, and he drew back and made a fresh entrance, this time being successful.

A little thing like that always strikes me as funny. I reckoned this whole expedition as a sort of forced march. It was costly to me, and, sparing no expense, I expected everything to run smoothly, but the slight collision of the wheel with the gate-post pulled me up and showed me that it is not always possible to plan things out to a nicety.

Had we been going just a little quicker, there would certainly have been a bad smash, and possibly your Editor would, at the present moment, be carrying his arm in a sling.

The interview, which was absolutely of a private nature and into which I am sure you will excuse me for not taking you, duly came off, and once more I stepped into my hansom.

"When can you get to the Royal Hotel?" I asked the cabby.

"I'll be there by twelve o'clock," he said.

"You've got to do it quicker," I told him. "I've a bag to get and I'm going to catch the 11.50 for London."

"Right, sir," said the cabby.

A CAB DERBY.

He was a sportsman an[d] tered into the spirit of th[e] so did his horse. I think th[e] back to Norwich must stand as a record in Derbies; anyhow we reached the hotel at seven minutes to twelve.

I sent the boots to fetch my bag and overcoat and the lift by which he ascended to my bedroom seemed to move with irritating slowness.

In three minutes I was back in the hansom with less than five minutes to reach the [station]. Again cabby was my friend, and we got [there] just in time. I think he earned the half-crown I gave him over and above his fare.

The train was moving when I [reached] platform, but I got aboard all [right]. I reached London at half-past three, [instead] nearly half-past four, which was the [time of] arrival of the next train.

All this hustling enabled me [to keep] important appointment at my office, and, [apart] that, I frankly confess I enjoyed it.

I never cut things too fine intentionally, but when it comes to a rush, I feel somehow in my element.

ON EXHIBITION.

I receive many suggestions [from] my readers. Some I cannot act upon, some I can, but I am always grateful for them, for even if they are not useful as they stand, they may be adapted so as to become serviceable. One of the most [useful] gestions that have so far been sent to me [is] from a reader in Newcastle.

"It is all very well," he says, "for you to say that you will be glad to see those readers who can call on you, but you must remember that there are many, who, like myself, live a long way off from London.

"On behalf of myself and them, I think you ought to make some arrangement by which readers might have an opportunity of seeing you. I suggest that you should advertise the fact that you will be in a certain place at a certain race-course at certain meetings; or [that] that the football season is at hand, you might arrange to be present at matches in different parts of the country.

"I don't mean that you should stand treat to all readers or accept treat from them, but it would be good just to have the opportunity of shaking your paw."

NO, THANKS!

My reader is obviously a wisher, and I trust he will not be offended when I throw the [least] of cold water on his scheme.

You must remember that I have some sense of modesty left, and to put myself on exhibition in this manner would be a trial to which I should certainly not prove equal. Besides, there is nothing in me worth exhibiting; as I have already said, I am not a Sandow, neither am I a George Alexander.

From this suggestion, however, and from my own past experience of other readers I venture to make a proposal.

I have already received standing invitations from readers in many different parts of the country. They have offered to put me up and generally to provide me with the best time I ever had. I have never, so far, billeted myself upon any reader, for I think that I should be imposing on his hospitality, but I have had the pleasure of looking up several new-found friends in different places and spending a happy evening with them. Whenever I go to a town for the week-end, I try to look up someone who has written to me and invited me to do so, and I shall be most happy to continue this practice.

What I therefore suggest is this: if you want to see me and cannot come to London, let me know next time you write and I shall do my best to look you up when I come to your town, and we can have an evening out together.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LEARNING.

Wherefore this excess of study?—WALSH.

From being a solid, well-balanced people, we are in danger of becoming a hysterical race of extremists.

You see this in our maudlin outbursts over the fate of disgusting criminals; our excessive worship of the athlete; our idiotic ravings about actors and actresses.

But perhaps you see it nowhere more clearly than in our present craze for so-called "education." Modern parents seem to think that when they have given their children a good education they have done their duty.

Well, so they have, if they rightly understand the meaning of a "good education."

As a rule, however, they misinterpret it. To them a "good education" means an academic education, and in a great many cases what they attempt to do is to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Education is the "drawing out" of a man's faculties, but it is impossible to develop the non-existent.

Snobbery is at the root of the trouble. The struggling man wants his son to be a clerk; the dreams of his boy being a schoolmaster, tradesman sends his hopeful to a school for sons of gentlemen," and so on.

When you have taught a child to read and write you have given him the key of the door of knowledge. If nature intended him to use that key he will use it whatever his position in life, and once in the treasure house he will know instinctively what to take.

But parents turn the key for the child, take him inside, load him with "gold" he cannot digest, stuff him with food he cannot digest, deck him out in raiment in which he is ridiculous. The boy's mind is taken in, natural, and therefore a happy thing, in embryo; he comes out a daw in educational peacock's feathers.

Not only parents, but young men themselves are afflicted with this craze for "education."

Thousands of young men who go up to the 'Varsities have not the brains really to benefit by the academic advantages of a University education; the social education they get is of little use, because their want of means will keep them out of society. But they go for the "distinction" of a 'Varsity education—a distinction which is of no real value to them.

A very prevalent type of the square peg in the round hole is the common man—I do not mean to use the term offensively—who is cursed with "education."

You usually meet him in the village inn—the small tradesman who is so anxious to impress you that he has had a "good education." This he endeavours to do by using long words, which he mispronounces, by dragging in inappropriate quotations and Latin tags, by letting you know what a number of big books he has read.

I don't sneer at him; I pity him. For nobody is more ill at ease in the society of well-educated people; he is too well-educated for his own class.

In his heart of hearts he knows he is a fraud, and he is usually a soured, discontented man. Without his precious "education" he might have had the respect and liking of every class. As it is, everybody laughs at him behind his back.

A man who is natural, whose speech, habits, appearance are appropriate to that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him is not only a happy man in himself, but he is a popular and respected man, assuming that he does not shirk and is an averagely "decent sort."

But the man who apes the manners, customs, and appearance of a class to which he does not belong is a fool and is laughed at for his pains. It is not "education" but character that counts in this world, and when the bad fairy gets her way at the modern child's birth she blights him with the curse of a "good education," which, in nine cases out of ten, means an education totally unsuited to his prospects and destined career in life.

DAVID COOPER.

SPORTING STORIES.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

The Cockney sportsman was very frank about it all. He didn't know anything about shooting—grouse shooting or any other kind—neither did he have the slightest knowledge of sporting etiquette or of the revered though unwritten laws of the moor.

His host knew these facts and kept a careful eye upon him.

The Cockney sportsman had been just as successful as he deserved to be, which was not successful at all, and, as his host was sympathising with him and telling him to look forward to the possibility of better luck next day, a grouse emerged from a tuft of heather and ran along the ground.

Promptly the butt of the Cockney sportsman's gun came to his shoulder and he took deliberate aim.

"Stop, man, stop!" cried his host in horror. "You mustn't shoot running birds."

"I wasn't meaning to," said the Cockney sportsman. "I'm going to wait till it stops running and stands still."

IF ONLY—

They were discussing a business acquaintance.

And their tone was somewhat censorious.

"Brown," said one, "might be considered perfectly honest if——"

"But nobody ever accused him of being an 'if,'" said the other.

And the rest of the conversation—like Brown's character while in their hands—was perfectly valueless, so we need not take up your time with further reporting it.

SOMETHING HE DIDN'T DO.

The sporting man went to see a musical comedy with a friend.

As to what he thought of the pretty girls and their dresses and so on and so forth is none of our business. We are concerned only with the interval between the first and second acts.

By way of a contrast to the merry music of the play the orchestra started more classical stuff, and the sporting man's friend pricked up his ears, for he happened to recognise what it was and wanted to announce the fact to his companion.

"Are you fond of Chopin?" he asked.

The sporting man scratched his head in surprise at the question, for it seemed so inappropriate, his knowledge centring generally round horses and dogs, and not matters musical and artistic.

"No," he said, "I can't say I am. My wife buys all my collars and ties and things, and the only shopping I ever do is when I get fitted for a new suit."

NO HURRY.

The young bachelor stretched himself lazily as his servant came into the room.

"Sir," said the man, "a messenger has come about those shooting boots you had repaired. He wants the money."

The young man stretched himself once more.

"It's like the cheek of those infernal tradesmen," he said. "Why, the man who made the bally things isn't paid yet! Let him wait."

PASSING THE DOCTOR.

A TIP FOR THE WOULD-BE RECRUIT.

Now that the various Territorial units have returned from camp, there will be many vacancies in their ranks owing to men falling out, and hence for a time there will be fresh interest in recruiting. My own experience in this respect may be useful to intending recruits, and useful, I believe, to the country, for it will save to the Service many a good man who might otherwise be rejected as unfit—in my opinion without due cause.

Rules are laid down by the War Office, and the doctor has to follow them, but one at least of these rules is unjustified, and I do not hesitate to show you how to circumvent it. I refer to the eye test.

In the Regular Army a recruit has to wear spectacles of a special pattern when his eyes are being tested. In one opening there is no glass, while in the other is a piece of metal painted black. Each eye is tested separately, and the applicant must be able to satisfy the doctor that both his eyes are sound.

The majority of medical officers attached to the Territorial units do not follow this plan, but simply ask the recruit to cover one eye with his hand while the other is being tested. Thus it is possible to get through even if you have a weak eye.

After all, provided you have one strong eye to shoot with, and have sound health, you are fit to serve the country, so you need not hesitate to cheat the doctor in leading him to suppose that both your eyes are good.

My own right eye is weak, and I knew before I enlisted that I could not pass the test with it, for I had a look at the test card which the Sergeant-Major kept in his pocket. I did not confess to him that I could not see the dots upon it at the required distance. I simply said "That's all right," and started to scheme how I could circumvent the doctor.

He found me fit in all other respects, and eventually we came to the eye test.

"Cover up your right eye," he said. I did so with the palm of my right hand. "Now tell me how many spots I am showing," he added, as he held up the test card and slipped down the cover so that six spots were visible.

With my left eye I can see perfectly and I told him the correct number at once. He shifted the slide so that a different number of spots appeared, and again, of course, I told him the right number.

Now came the critical moment.

"Cover up your left eye," he said.

I put the palm of my left hand over my left eye, and for a moment he turned to fix the slide on his test card. That moment was enough. I lowered my hand ever so slightly and peeped through between the fingers with my left eye. By the time he was looking at me again, my palm was back in its proper position. The doctor put the usual question, suspecting nothing.

"Six," I said, although, as far as I could see with my right eye, there were no spots on the card at all. Satisfied, he again turned his head to the card to change the number, and once more I had a peep at it through the fingers of my left hand.

"Three," I said.

And I was passed.

A trick commonly practised is to cover up the right eye as I have described, and then when the doctor tells you to cover up the left eye, you do not do so, but remove your right hand and again cover up your right eye, this time with your left hand.

I have known of recruits getting through in this way, for if the doctor is busy and not giving his full attention to the matter, he may not notice the trick; but the plan which I practised and which I recommend is by far the best. So long as your eye is simply covered with your own hand, there will always be a possibility of having a peep through your fingers.

S. COLLIER.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BEFORE GETTING UP.

One of the things that I have never been quite able to discover is the reason why you should feel less fit after a night's sound sleep than you did when you went to bed, but that it is so most will admit.

In the evening you went through your exercises with vigour and vim, but in the morning you do them more as a duty than a pleasure.

I have discovered a partial remedy for this morning unfitness, and I recommend it to you.

Do not get out of bed the moment you awaken, but lie on your back and breathe as deeply as you can for twenty times or so. There is no need to hold the breath at the end of each inhalation, but the breathing should be done through the nose.

When you have got to the end of this exercise, if it can be called such, you will feel much more lively than you would if you had got up at once.

It seems to have a stimulating effect upon the heart as well as the lungs, and apart from making you feel better, it takes away the last vestige of sleepiness, and you have no inclination to yawn or rub your eyes.

A DIFFICULT LEG EXERCISE.

I describe this exercise as difficult because at first it is not easy for you to maintain your balance, but it is not difficult in the sense of requiring great strength.

Place your hands on your waist and raise your left foot till it is horizontal from the knee to the ankle as shown in the sketch.

This needs some practice.

Now bend the right knee so that the body is lowered. Then straighten the right knee again, bringing you once more to your full height. Repeat until the legs are tired; rest for a spell or take up an arm exercise, and then do this one again, this time lifting the right leg from the floor and moving upwards and downwards by bending the left knee.

The exercise is a very interesting one, for it develops both legs simultaneously, although the muscles affected are not quite the same, the movements being essentially diverse.

It is necessary, if you are going to give the lifted leg exercise, that you should keep on pressing your heel upwards so that you can feel a perceptible strain all the time. If you merely raise your leg without putting this vigour into the movement, you might as well be sitting still on a chair reading a book.

BEING CONSCIOUS OF MUSCLE.

All that I ask for the turning out of a fine athlete is ten minutes or a quarter of an hour each morning and each evening, which time is to be devoted to the practice of a selection of the exercises I have given. That is sufficient exercise to make the muscles grow, but I like my pupils to supplement this by freely indulging in sport and outdoor pursuits generally.

There is another thing that I should like you to do, and that is to use your mental force upon your muscles all day.

It is rather difficult to explain what I mean. I do not want you to keep setting up your biceps or tensing the muscles of your thighs. I simply want you to bear constantly in mind the fact that you are possessed of fine muscles. If you do this, you will find yourself walking with a swing and an elasticity that is unknown to the man who is slovenly so far as his muscles are concerned.

You will do whatever you have to do in a muscular way, as if you were conscious of your strength. Even when you shake hands you will do it with firmness, although you will never be guilty of the rudeness of crushing anybody's fingers.

You will multiply instances for yourself where it is possible to keep your mind conscious of your muscles.

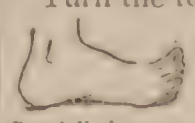
By having the mind focussed upon the muscular tissue in a practical manner like this, you develop it unconsciously during your daily work, whether it be manual work or head work, whether you are standing or walking.

A TOE EXERCISE.

As I promised last week, I give here the first of my exercises for the feet. Those who go in for walking and running will find them of special service, but I commend them also to the attention of every athlete, for no matter how well developed a man's legs may be, he does not strip well unless his feet also are sightly.

Stand quite easily, and press the naked feet flat on the bare floor. It is inadvisable to stand on a mat during this exercise.

Turn the toes up as high as you can, and keep them in this position for a full minute, pressing them upwards all the time.



Specially interesting to walkers and cyclists.

This exercise not only strengthens the toes and the muscles of the top of the foot, but it also benefits the muscles of the ankle and the calf. You will readily see that this is so when you try the exercise, for if you do it in the manner I have directed you will find these muscles aching slightly.

I shall give further exercises for the feet from time to time, as so far this part of our anatomy has been neglected by teachers of physical culture, in spite of the fact that its development on proper lines is essential to the all round culturist.

LEG TROUBLES.

I receive frequent inquiries from readers who desire me to prescribe a cure for knock knees and bow legs.

Such defects as this can to some extent be remedied by a proper system of physical culture, and readers who are afflicted in this manner will be well advised to go through, regularly, the various leg exercises I have given.

But physical culture alone, I think, would not effect a cure, and I am therefore suggesting a method which is generally successful. It should be practised in conjunction with the exercises.

For bow legs, the knees should be strapped together during sleep and a pillow should be forced between the feet. The pressure should not be so great as to cause discomfort, for if it were, it might give rise to trouble in the knee joints. By persevering in this way, however, one may gradually bring the knees inwards till the legs regain their proper shape.

For knock knees the above should simply be reversed. This time strap the ankles together and force a pillow between the knees.

Before commencing this treatment, you ought to consult your local doctor, for he can have a look at you and judge your case in a way which I cannot do.

Suggest this treatment to him, but be guided by what he says. The method I have described may have to be modified to suit your own particular case if one leg is more bent than the other.

A FIRST-RATE ARM EXERCISE.

Here is an exercise which I can recommend most confidently for the rapid development of the arm muscles.

It is extremely simple and can be practised by the weakest, but, at the same time, the athlete also will derive much benefit from it. In fact it is just as hard as you make it, and the strain involved depends entirely on the vim you put into it.

Start with the knuckles close together.

Stand at attention, thrust the arms out before you and bring the knuckles together.

Now twist the arms round in an outward direction, till the sides of the hands come together and the bases of the little fingers are touching.

Keep on twisting and trying to bring the knuckles together again in this position. Maintain the strain for a moment, relax and repeat.

The great thing in this exercise is to keep the arms straight out in front of you. There is a temptation to bend them at the elbows, but don't do that. To get the full benefit of the exercise you must keep the arms straight and the muscles well tensed up.

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There is no better drink for the physical culturist than barley water. Whoever cooks your food can easily make it for you, if you give them these particulars.

Take a cupful of barley and wash all the white dust from it. Boil it for twenty minutes in a pint of water. Pour the water off into a jug and throw away the barley.

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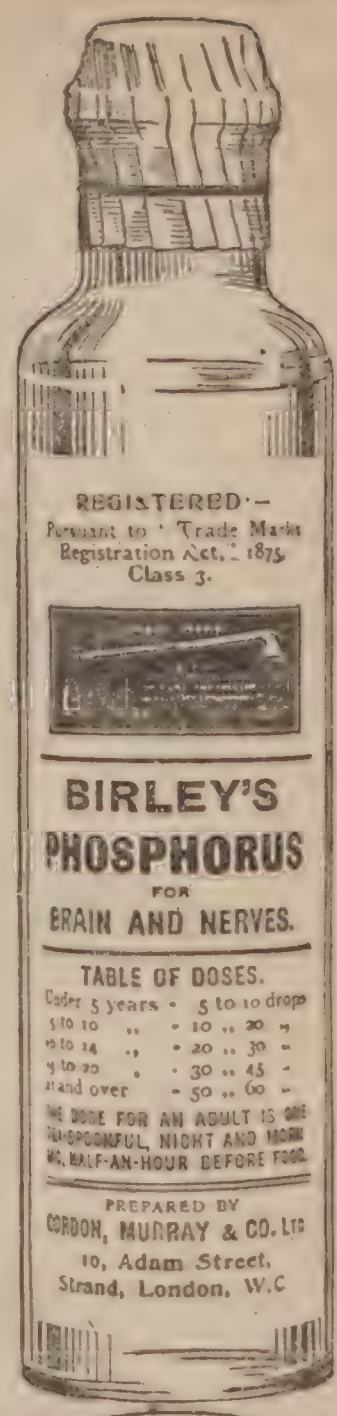
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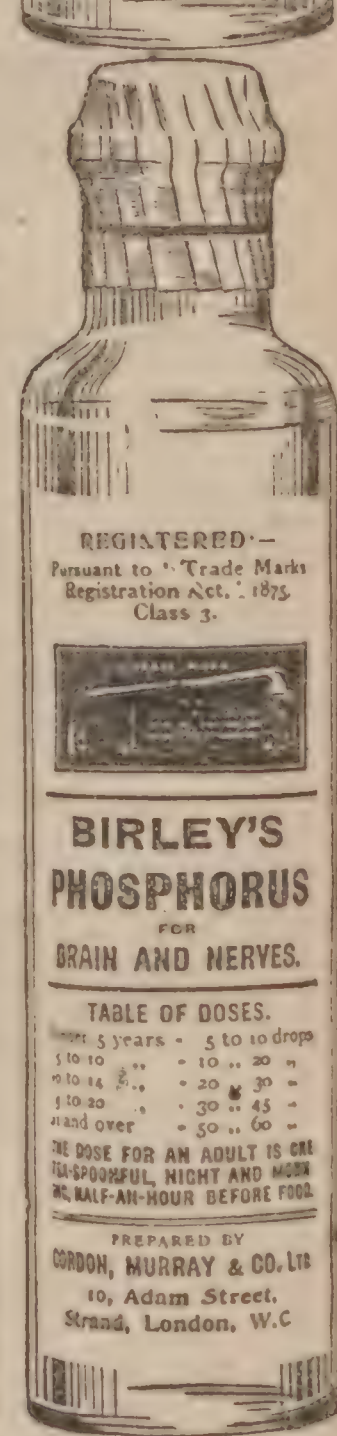
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AN EPISODE.

OLD GREASE PAINT

By G. S. Kirk.

If Mr. Marcus Aurelius, most genial of fellows, knew that behind his back the set he professes to ornament calls him "Old Grease Paint," he would feel hurt and painfully surprised.

To know Marcus is to know the lights of the drama, the variety stage and musical comedy precisely as they are—because Marcus is, by his own account, hand-in-glove with all of them. He has funny anecdotes of concert parties left five miles from anywhere in broken-down motor-cars, of artistes who have started as supers and risen to the Tivoli, of actors who have descended from the Lyceum to barn storming.

Marcus is, in short, a dasher. He affects patent-leather boots and shaped lounge coats.

The other day he caught me up as I hurried down Piccadilly, linked my arm and hauled me into the cool of a mixed-drinks bar, where the lady who condescends to allow mankind to worship her behind the counter, has eyes that are dreamy and belladonna'd.

"How does this strike you?" he asked me suddenly, having, of course, won the toss for two Manhattan Soothers. He thrust his hands into his pockets and exhibited proudly a waistcoat of marvellous cut and speaking pattern.

"Where have you seen anything to approach it?" he asked me. "There is only one other in existence like it."

I said I could quite believe him.

"Then you have not been to the 'Whirls of Rottenberg,' sir," said Marcus. "You haven't seen old George's latest waistcoat! Now, between you and me, old George wouldn't give the idea away to everyone, but he sent round for me in the interval. Of course I found dear old George in the Green Room—just a week ago to-night. Decent chap, George, known him for years.

"'Hallo, Antony, old heart of sweet carnations!' he says—that's his way of talking, y'know. 'Gather round, old boy; gather round!' One of his pet phrases.

"I gathered round.

"'I saw you in your usual perch on the O.P. side,' he says, 'and I twigged your eye on my waistcoat when I was singing "Every waistcoat has a meaning more or less." How's that for Sherlock Holmes?'

"'All correct, Georgius,' I says—I'm fond of a touch of Latin. It's classy and goes down well with the perfesh.

"'It's a funny thing,' old George says, 'but when I was choosing this pattern I said to the Johnny who snips cloth with scissors—(Ha, ha!)—that I knew an extra special pal of mine who would be dead nuts on it—meaning you, Marcus Aurelius. I told him to reserve a short head of the cloth—a length I mean. So here's his address,' says George, 'and give him my compliments and orders to cut one for you precisely this style.'

"He initialled the card for me—and here you see the result!"

He patted his stomach and waited for my approbation.

"One of the only two in existence," he added. "I think that was pally of dear old George, eh?"

Looking at that waistcoat, I felt somehow that George might have shown the warmth of his friendship in some other way. It was a waistcoat that looked about as well in daylight as the complexion of a musical comedy star.

"Of course," "Old Grease Paint" went on, "I don't say that I haven't done one or two good turns for old George. Why, do you remember when 'The Flyaway Girl' was on at the Trictrac Theatre? Well, the first night the critics simply slated it! They said the dialogue was piffly and the songs milk and watery—no go in them, y'know.

"I wrote up a couple of topical songs, real bits of all right, catchy lyrics. Old Lal and Ivan put their nuts together, and those two songs, sir, saved the piece! Of course, they had to alter the whole dialogue to let them in.

"Then they invited the critics to an encore of the first night. Columns of praise, sir! Leaded lines of 'Huge Trictrac Success.'

"Naturally, old George asked me if I would care to do the 'book' for the next production after 'The Flyaway Girl' was off. Well, I wrote up a spiffing idea, which I somehow believe they have since used, but no one can recognise his own work after the manager has done pulling it about, y'know. Barring my friendship with old George, there'd have been an action for breach of copyright. Under the circs, it would have been low down, wouldn't it? What?"

"Very," I assented, vaguely.

"Then old G. B. You know old G. B.? Dear old chap! Owns a string of horses and he always lets me know when they're fancied. Oh, thorough sport! Always has his matinees on Wednesdays, he told me, so that he could go to Kempton or Alexandra Park or Hurst Park on Saturdays.

"Worst of G. B., though, he's got a habit of pinchin' my songs, too. Happened to run over a little topical verse when I met him in the paddock at Lewes once. Dash it all, he remembered every word, wrote in a bloomin' chorus to it, and it *made* 'The Fishergirls' over in America when he had the sense to take the rotten production on tour. Beastly cheek. What?"

"Confounded," I murmured, sympathising with G. B.

"Let's have another drink, then," said Marcus Aurelius. "You seem to be the only chap I know who can see these things."

Two more Manhattan Soothers were our refreshers on this word.

"I never know," said my friend, "whether this dear little girl reminds me most of Gabrielle S. or Marie R."

The lady behind the bar showed gleaming white teeth and picked up Marcus's half-crown, absentmindedly forgetting to give him the change.

"Seems a trifle too *piquante* for Marie, eh?" Marcus observed, critically.

"Her tresses," I remarked, entering into the spirit of the thing, "have a suggestion of the Odalisque."

"Sir!" exclaimed Hebe, "I never use hair-wash or dye of any description. The curls, perhaps, are——"

"Don't mention it," Marcus put in. "It is fair woman's mission in life to make herself as pleasing as possible to the eye of the sterner sex. Now look here, old chap; doesn't her chin remind you rather of dear little Lily at the Frivolity?"

"It does," I exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Let's have another drink, then," remarked Marcus Aurelius. "We'll toss for it. I call to you."

I saw him gazing into the lady's limpid blue eyes and carefully felt in my pocket for a half-crown, laying it on the counter head upwards. This was a walk over for me. It is always easy for a man with observation to win a toss.

"What's your call?" I asked. I knew what the fool would say.

"Lovely woman, of course!" he said, smiling soppily at Hebe.

Of course it was not.

At that moment enter "George" and "d old G. B."

"Your friends!" I said to Marcus.

"Dash it all, I've got an appoin must fly! Beastly nuisance, I can't stop have a wet with 'em."

He grasped his stick.

"Ta, ta!" he said, adding a feeble "Hallo, George! What ho, G. B.!" to the lights of the drama.

"George" and "G. B." watched him as half trotted out of the room.

"Who the deuce is that little bounder?" they asked the lady behind the bar.

BIKE OR DRESSING-GOWN.

To the man who wishes to make the most of Sunday and determines upon a run out into the country on the bicycle, the hours between six and nine in the morning are the most critical.

It is a delicious indulgence to roll lazily out of bed on waking early and to take one's bath with easy idleness and infinite dallying.

Then the dressing gown comes as a double narcotic to the senses. It is covering and warmth and comfort in their readiest and most seductive form, and it requires a strong effort to deny oneself this time-stealing relaxation.

The morning pipe or cigarette tastes sweeter than ever when taken in a large arm-chair with the long folds of the dressing gown wrapped round the ankles and its soft enticing warming the neck.

But these things are not for the man wants to enjoy a good long healthy and Sunday run. It is a matter of choice which man thinks best—the run or the sweet desultory "dressing-gown morning."

DANGER IN THE GLASS.

In hot weather one is apt to drink first and think afterwards, to slake one's thirst with the minimum of delay and with a not too nice regard for the circumstances attendant on the consumption of the chosen liquor.

It is, however, just when the temperature is highest that the drinker of bottled beer—not to mention other gaseous beverages, to which the warning equally applies—should be most on his guard.

The heat and the mechanical opener now in common use, all too often combine to burst one bottle of Bass or Guinness, and small fragments of the broken glass are by no means unlikely to find their way into the tipple.

Should you have any suspicions on this score, it is well to insist on having another bottle. The barman will try to make you pay for both, but that is of course a detail.

At all events, refrain from drinking the suspected fluid, unless perchance you have the digestion of a human ostrich. A glass and a drink are almost synonymous terms, but all the glass's proper place is outside and inside the liquid.

THE LIGHT FOR READING.

In these days of small print, when half newspapers conspire with cheap one-volume tions of prolific authors to ruin the eyesight, the question of the artificial light by which one reads needs very careful consideration.

The ideal illuminant—powerful yet injurious to the eyes—has yet to be found. Incandescent light and electricity have their obvious advantages, largely counterbalanced by one great defect.

The fact that they contain rays other than rays, makes them an excellent friend of the oculist and the spectacle-maker.

And the remedy? Those who are anxious to preserve unimpaired perhaps the most important of their five senses, may be recommended to take an apparent step backwards to the days—rather the nights—of candles and oil lamps.

If candlelight be preferred, a candle should be used. This can be easily bought for a penny or so.

Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
H. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE SACK.

In a previous article I have dealt with the question of dismissal from the employer's point of view.

I showed then why I considered that under certain circumstances—incompetence, slackness and so forth—the most just thing an employer could do was to dismiss the man concerned, and I also suggested that the dismissal should take as kindly a form as possible.

I propose to deal now with the question of dismissal from the point of view of the employee.

Throughout my own career as an employee, I have had the experience of being sacked. In one case I parted company with my employer suddenly, and received wages instead of notice, but this did not amount to being sacked, for the business was being wound up.

What happened in this way.

A man who had already made a good deal of money in a certain line of business, tried to make some more by buying a business of another description altogether. He did not know how to run this new business, and after he had lost a thousand pounds over it, he began to realise the truth and made up his mind to stop it.

He was losing so much each week that it would not have been worth while to keep on his employees to save his notice money, and he therefore parted company with the lot of us and paid us what was due.

That was one of my earliest jobs, and it was my first experience in this aspect of business.

What astonished me most was the terrific resentment that suddenly showed itself amongst nearly all the employees.

So far they had regarded him as an ordinary boss, more or less a brute, of course, but still quite tolerable; when they received notice to quit, however, they commenced to blacken him in every way possible.

One told us how he knew that he had cheated a customer, another that he had proved the chief to be a liar, while a third even went so far as to cast reflections upon his character in private life.

I know that some of these employees had a very stormy interview with him when they went to get their money. They had been bottling up a certain amount of resentment and they let it out.

For my own part, I did not feel that I had anything to grumble about.

The man had failed in this line of business, and it was unreasonable for me to expect that he would willingly continue to lose money simply to give me and other people work. Therefore, when I went to take my wages, I thanked him for having kept me as long as he had, and I wished him good-bye politely.

I did this just because I felt like doing it, but I realised afterwards that I had done it; for at the time I was in negotiation with another firm who was willing to take me on provided I had a good reference from my last one. As our parting had been quite friendly, I did not hesitate to call upon my late employer and ask him for a reference, and I got it at once, and through it I secured the new billet.

I learned afterwards, however, that some of those who had slanged him on their leave-taking day, after they had been brought to their senses, had applied to him for a similar reference and had invariably refused.

It is worth remembering that when you are sacked the employer does not, as a rule, harbour any ill-will towards you. He simply wants to be rid of you for one reason or another.

Therefore he is quite willing to do what he can to further your interests in any new sphere; if you slang him or offend him in any other way, you are throwing away the advantage of his recommendation, without securing anything in return except the gratification of your spite.

I have discussed the subject of resigning before now, and I indicated my opinion by showing the folly of the man who says to his chief all the unkind things that have been rankling in his heart. When one is resigning there is, perhaps, a temptation to give rein to one's unkindest thoughts, for you are already fixed up and do not—for a time at least—need the assistance of recommendation of your late employer. But the same tendency to pick a quarrel is manifested by many employees when they are sacked; probably it is only a human weakness, but it is one that the needs of business demand that we should repress.

When you are taking the sack, it is quite useless to argue in any way, to promise to do better or to offer to take a reduction in wages.

The employer has indicated plainly that he does not want you, and even if you succeed in persuading him to keep you on for a bit longer, it is hopeless for you to attempt to work well together, for you have lost that confidence in one another which is essential for successful co-operation.

The man who whines when he gets the sack is also doing a foolish thing. The modern employer is remorseless; unless you are earning for him more than he pays you, he will get rid of you, for he is out to make money and not for fun.

It is therefore useless as well as unmanly to make any appeal to his pity.

I have known men actually shed tears when an employer sacked them. This naturally made him most uncomfortable, but of course it did not influence his decision; in fact, it prejudiced him against the man who put him in such an awkward position, and the testimonial that followed later lacked the enthusiasm it might otherwise have possessed.

If it be your fate to be sacked, from whatever cause, take the dictum manfully, without casting any recriminations at your chief and without any sort of whining.

The sack is a blow, but the sting passes, and as soon as you have got your face smiling again you must concentrate every ounce of energy you possess into the task of finding new work, for a man without work is like a ship without a rudder.

BOORISHNESS.

Constantly I observe boorishness among the less well paid class of employees.

You do not often get it amongst clerks, but you very frequently find it amongst workmen.

The other day I had occasion to telephone to the foreman of a certain department in a firm with which I was dealing. He had gone home early, and the man who answered the telephone was one of his packers.

I cannot say that he was discourteous in the actual words he used, but his tone was boorish and truculent.

If I had not observed the same thing many times before, I should not mention it, but I am disposed to think that this boorishness is of rather a general nature.

The idea of the truculent employee is doubtless to keep his end up. By discourtesy, he imagines that he will regain the self-respect which he feels he has lost by taking orders from somebody else.

As a matter of fact, the right type of man never feels that he loses any self-respect in obeying the orders of those in authority. What soldier feels one whit the humbler for having his captain give the word of command?

The folly of the thing is not realised by those who are guilty of this business rudeness. Time and again I have known cases where employees have been promoted by their chief simply because some big customer happened to have been courteously received or spoken to by this employee.

"He seems to be a very good man, that Smith of yours," says one merchant to another, and it may be that this is the very first time that the merchant realises that he has in his employ a man named Smith.

By courtesy more than by anything else can one get into the good books of an employer and an employer's clients, and only by being in the good books of the former at least, can promotion be hoped for.

GETTING ESTIMATES.

Much care should be exercised in dealing with estimates, no matter what the estimate is for.

Supposing that you use so many hundred articles of a certain description each week and you get an estimate for that quantity. That estimate will be considerably lower—or at least ought to be—than an estimate for so many dozen of the same article; and therefore you should be careful to see that, if you are capable of consuming a larger quantity, you should have an estimate for a larger quantity.

On the other hand, it is only right that I should point out the need for allowing for decrease in the number of articles you require.

Suppose that you have an estimate for 500 a week and that, owing to a decline in trade, you can use only 400 a week. An unscrupulous manufacturer will punish you over the lost hundred. He will say that the estimate is for half a thousand, and that 400 must be reckoned at so much per hundred or even so much per score, which will work out at a very much higher price.

Therefore when you have an estimate prepared, insist upon its being properly drawn up so as to cover all such contingencies.

USING BUSINESS SECRETS.

I doubt if you will find two business men in London who have exactly the same views in regard to their exclusive right to business secrets.

Some hold that their business secrets are theirs and theirs alone, and that any employee who may leave them and who may turn these secrets to use is doing an extremely dirty action.

I do not share this extreme view. I think that an employee is justified in making a careful mental note of all information that comes in his way, but I consider that he is certainly not justified in what I should describe as stealing information. For example, I should consider him little better than a thief if he got out of the address books and ledgers, the names of customers with a view to using them to his own interest later on.

After all, when a man has been the means of providing you with bread and butter—even though perhaps the quantity of the latter was none too great—I feel that you owe him a certain amount of consideration even after your business relations cease.

As for giving away business secrets to a new employer, this is the most foolish thing you could possibly do.

It is quite common for an unscrupulous business man to ask a new employee for certain definite information concerning the firm with which he last worked. If the employee gives this information he loses the respect of his employer, and also he detracts from his own value, for he has been sucked dry of all the information he had.

In taking up a new post, profess to know nothing concerning your last firm if you happen to be asked about it. Retain the experience you have and make it your strength and thus secure your position, but do not give away your experience to anybody else.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXV.

TRAPPED.

Despite the bright fire roaring up the chimney in the smoke-room of "The Stag," Darley-on-Severn, there were one or two present who shivered when the old story of Darley Castle was brought up again, and listened uncomfortably to the miserable wailing of the wind and the rattling window-panes.

The older men had heard the tale many and many a time and took a melancholy pleasure in its revival, but in the full room the nervousness of resentment could be seen on the faces of some.

It was Jim Graill who had introduced the topic, probably because the wild night outside had suggested the mood, but partly to satisfy the curiosity of the two strangers who were staying in the village for a short holiday.

These two strangers were young athletic Englishmen after Jim's liking, but it was clear that they put down the supernatural element in the story to local credulity and ignorance.

It might have been for that reason that Jim, whose faculties for romancing were of no mean order, gave his imagination full sway and embellished the narrative with grim and gruesome details hitherto unheard of.

He told how that the fragment of the castle contained a room which was in bygone days the chapel of the monastery—for that was what the castle had been when Cromwell's soldiers put all the monks to the sword, fired and pounded the mediæval structure and left it all but in ruins.

But, according to Jim, the monks were not of that ascetic and virtuous character usually associated with their calling. They were men of rapine and lust, and in that very chapel still remaining had inflicted abominable outrage upon the young women of the neighbourhood, while the blood of youths had been used for sacrificial wine.

Now, again according to Jim, but substantiated by the emphatic exclamations of the older men present, the groans and shrieks of the victims still echoed round the chapel at night, and tales of ghostly wanderers about the castle were so frequent that it seemed impossible to believe they were merely the outcome of hallucination.

"You saw yourself, Thomas, a figure wearing a cowl, standing in the window one night, didn't you?" he said, addressing the landlord, occupying his armchair in the corner.

Thomas Yardley, Napoleonic of countenance, huge of paunch, lifted his heavy eyes, in which not a trace of life or humour gleamed, and assented gruffly, "Ay."

It was the first definite word he had spoken for an hour, but such deep and mysterious silence was his custom and now there was almost universal surprise when, removing his churchwarden from his lips, he undertook continuation of the conversation.

"I've known many an' queer things in my time," he said slowly and impressively, "and seen 'em too. But that 'ere place beats all. It's a sin-spot, you mark my words. All the devilish deeds done in there, live there now as spirits. The monks torture their victims just as they used to do, only they'm servants of the devil now, an' he never lets 'em have any peace. They'm silent an' busy. It's only women an' boys you hear cry out, and it's terrible on nights like this, terrible."

"You comin' my way, Will?" said old Farmer Dowell nervously to one of the men.

"Ah, presently. Thomas, be they ever known to stray away, perhaps into the village?"

"Never heard tell of it," replied the landlord impassively. "No, I think ye've nowt to fear o' meeting 'em. They'm chained down to the place o' their former wickedness, that's how I look at it. There was a man come here once as laughed at it"—one of the strangers had just laughed—"an' he went up one night to see for himself."

Thomas Yardley took a long pull at his mug before concluding.

"Nobody ever saw him again. That's so, James, ain't it?"

"Eh, that's so," replied an old farmer. "I mind the night very well. It wur just about such another as this."

"How'd you like to prove it for yourself?" asked Jim of one of the strangers.

"Now?"

"Yes; no time like the present."

The stranger looked at his friend.

"What say?" he queried.

The other hesitated and looked at Richard Selby, who had been quietly enjoying Jim's efforts to work up a scare.

"I'll go, if Selby will," he answered.

"Oh, Dick'll come," said Jim Graill. He tilted his head back to drink, and no wink was apparent.

"Ah, I'm with you," said Richard promptly, guessing at some practical joke though not knowing what form it would take. "We four'll lay the spirits together."

He and Jim got to their feet, but the strangers now appeared somewhat doubtful. Richard suspected that they too suspected a trick.

"No hanky-panky," said one of them.

"Certain," assented Richard, and Jim's instant denial of any such motive would have assured the least gullible.

"You be fower young fools," observed Farmer Dowell. "Don't ye think the same, Thomas?"

Thomas grunted. The rumbling sound might have meant anything.

"What time is it?" said Jim. "Only a quarter to nine? Strikes me we're about three hours too early for 'em. Ghosts are more slaves to convention even than their material relatives. Ten to one they'll all be asleep till midnight."

"It's the same odds that I shall be in bed by then," observed Richard, who did not intend to have his comfort disturbed just to please his friend's sudden whim.

"Same here," agreed one of the strangers. "You don't catch me hanging about for an hour or two in the dark on a night like this."

A sudden fierce buffet of wind against the panes made the remark sound sensible.

"Strikes me you're all scared," taunted Jim.

The athletic young strangers laughed, and Richard liked the sound of it.

Curious they might be, and even prepared for inexplicable happenings, but clearly they were not afraid. They were blithe-hearted and always ready for sport, which was why Jim and himself had chummed up with them during their short stay.

"Very well then, come on," said Jim, pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat. "We'll just have a look over the place and be back before you close, Thomas."

The wind shrieked at him when he opened the door.

"All right," he called over his shoulder, "it's not raining."

He went out, Richard and the two strangers following, and upon the door closing again Thomas Yardley's huge paunch shook with laughter, and his eyes danced merrily.

"What's up, Thomas? Be they going to play a joke on them young chaps?"

But, selfishly, Thomas kept the cause of his merriment to himself.

II.

What is left of Darley Castle stands grey ragged, its turreted top looking like broken te against the sky, on the summit of a rise s two or three hundred yards up-river fro Darley.

Trees, dense underbrush and weeds accumulated at the foot of the rise so th approach is difficult unless one knows the n upward-winding path, especially on a blac moonless night, such as this night was.

But Jim, who had known the place since boy hood, led the way, Richard meanwhile seeking an opportunity to get a quiet word with him so as to learn what game it was in his mind play; for assuredly there was one.

The other two, however, kept so close t had no chance. They climbed the path i file, and ultimately stood in a bunch in a of the old courtyard looking up at the lich wall marked in places by slits which windows.

Despite themselves they began to feel s thing uncanny about this sombre relic of t past, about which the wind whistled and ments of invisible things seemed to other in and out the corners and crevices, ing miserably.

Bats swooped to and fro above them; th they had passed, the tops of them almos with the height at which the four figures standing, swayed and creaked like sentient ings in torture. The low smoky clouds seem hurrying by in horror.

"Well," said Jim with a short laugh. "C ing inside?"

A black archway loomed before them, and took a step towards it as he spoke.

Richard had a sudden recollection time he had seen Jim Graill. It was to like this with an atmosphere Dor charged with hidden danger.

But Jim had a lantern with him then lantern of the cracksman, and it came to Ric that if burglary were not criminal there w be no pastime to touch it for fascination.

He understood Jim's lapse better no he had done before. Jim was one of those the darkness thrilled.

And even while these thoughts were through his mind there was a slight ra scrape of a match, and Jim was shin lantern on the opening ahead of them.

"That's better," said one of the others. can see where we're treading now, at any r

Leading the way, his boots making no on the rough stones—again, to Ric reminiscent of his lawless days—Jim reach narrow doorway which led to a circular staircase, which he proceeded to climb There was the musty smell of stone in the but all sounds of the night died away as t mounted higher.

Along a narrow, oppressive passage, and holding his lantern high, was peering into room.

"This is it," he said, entering. "Used a chapel, so they say, but it's quite empty n

They followed him about, examining the sive walls by the rays of the lantern.

"Those windows ventilate it," said Jim, ing the light upwards, "but they're scarcely enough to get your arm through. Ever a door like this? Only dynamite would it when it's bolted. You see, there are both outside and in. They say the room used as a cell for prisoners at one time."

"Gad! there wouldn't be much chance escape!"

"No, nor to make yourself heard if you wanted anything. Once this door's shut no sound penetrate it. It's like a sealed tomb. I'll shout."

He did so.

...w you close the door and I'll shout again."
They obeyed, and silence was absolute.
Did you hear me?" asked Jim, pushing open the door.
"Queer, isn't it?"
...rrible," said one of the strangers.
o, not horrible: grand!" exclaimed Jim. "One door is like the barrier between life ... become visible. You try it, Dick!"
... stepped into the room, while the ... outside, and closed the door. He ... loudly, ... a moment in the pitch ... while the echoes died away, then ... the door.
... as immovable. He put both hands to it, ... his shoulder, then the whole strength of his ... It was queer it didn't give way.
... bolted it? He shouted and asked, ... ised that they could not hear him. ... er, he realised, would he have heard the ... ing of the outer bolts if they had been ... imenting with them.
... must wait a minute. Probably they had ... ed the bolts and were finding them difficult to withdraw again owing to the rust of disuse.
He did wait. He waited one minute, tried the door again and again, and waited for a long time, listening. He could hear the wind now, moaning as from afar off. The sound came through the windows. But beyond this there was silence.

What had gone wrong? What were they up to out there? What a devilish thing it was that he could not even hear them! Was it a joke? Was this Jim's——

R... ... Let me palm with sudden con... ... was a thing of Jim's! It was not ... but himself that Jim had schemed to ... Preparing the trap in the secret also. He ... had by the Lord, they had done it ... They meant him to stay in the ... reputed to be haunted ... to scare him.

Richard chuckled. He was not subject to bogies of the imagination, and he saw only the humour of the situation. They would keep him imprisoned there for a certain length of time, then, when they let him out, he would knock the bottom out of their enjoyment by taking the whole thing as a matter of course.

Feeling in his pocket, he found with a sense of relief that he had some matches with him, filled his pipe, lit up, and leaned against the wall, smoking contentedly.

Time went by. He looked at his watch. He had been in the place for half-an-hour. He determined, if they did not come to release him soon, to make a pillow of his coat and go to sleep. It would be rather an acute disappointment to them if they entered and found him in slumber. And again he chuckled.

All at once he started and listened, ... ght again, gave a muttered exclamation, ... listened with intense eagerness. He had ... d a sound; here in this room, shut off from ... e rest of the world, he had heard a furtive, ... sterious sound.

... here in the name of wonder could it come ...?

He stood rigid and still. His nerves went ... shake now, but he brought his iron will to bear ... and curbed them. Mice, perhaps—or bats.

Then ... so suddenly that his breath sobbed in ... in the effort to voice alarm, a shriek ... through the room.

... tall, standing ... and tight-clenched ...

... Richard struck a match.

... room was empty of human being save ... himself.

"What the blazes——" he murmured.

He held the match till it burnt out, struck and held another. He began to think he had after ... the victim of imagination. But he dismissed the idea at once, and coolness came back ... together with confidence that this was ... of the game and determination that ... even the assault of intangible ... him.

... interval of silence, with the sense of hearing strained to utmost tension, then he caught another furtive sound. His eyes roved round the almost impenetrable gloom in search of the place whence it came. And at last they fixed.

He could see nothing, but the strange scraping sound proceeded from somewhere in the wall to the left of him. He crept stealthily towards it, feeling along the wall.

His fingers found space, and within a yard of him something groaned. But it was not so realistic, not so well done as the shriek a little while ago, for it ended on a note of laughter.

And, chancing consequences, Richard leaped towards it. He felt substance, a body, and he knew it was Jim.

But he pretended otherwise, grappled with the man and bore him down, struggling. Richard's breath came in loud gasps, as if he were in extremity.

"Let me go, you fool," said Jim's voice chokingly. "It's me—Jim."

But Richard apparently did not hear, or if he heard did not understand. A dexterous twist and Jim was prostrate with a heavy body sitting on his stomach and hands striving madly for his throat.

"Help!" yelled Jim, as Richard shook him harder. "Come up, you idiots, and pull him off."

Richard caught the sound of hurrying footsteps, and somebody said: "Where are you?"

"Strike a light," called Jim. "The poor chap's gone off his head."

The light had scarcely flickered ere Richard had knocked it from his hand, and now he was attacking three, with the advantage on his side that they acted only on the defensive.

He got a coat collar in the grip of each hand, shook whatever was inside it, panted and fought with the fury of a devil. All the time his mind was singing with the fun of the thing.

None of the opposing three could tell what was happening, nor whether he held Richard or a partner in the joke that had developed so unexpectedly.

At last hostilities dwindled and ceased, and somebody struck a match. Richard had gone. The yawning gap in the wall—the secret entrance known to few—had swallowed him.

"We've done a nice thing," said one of the strangers, straightening his tie. "We went too far. He's demented, that's what's happened. Sure as death if he gets to the bottom of those stairs in safety he'll bolt for the open country. We shall have to go and look for him. We can't let him wander about all——"

But Jim interrupted. He had lit his lantern again and was silently laughing.

"Don't you worry," he said. "It would take a damn sight more than that to drive Dick's sanity over the verge. He's turned the tables on us and got the best end of the laugh after all.

"Look here, I don't mind taking two to one we find him having a last drink at 'The Stag' as though nothing had happened. Lor', won't old Thomas wobble when he sees us!"

Sure enough, Richard greeted them with a wondering inquiry as to where they had been, and displayed much solicitude for their disarranged appearance.

And Thomas Yardley quivered mightily with ill-suppressed mirth.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

OTHER PEOPLE'S INTERESTS.

Even if you do not want to buy or sell anything, have a glance at the third page of the cover this week.

It is interesting to see what other men want, and there is a good deal of human nature to be read on that page.

If you do want something, that is the place where you will find it. If what you are looking for is not advertised, send in a short announcement yourself; you will have many offers to select from.

JUGGLING AS EXERCISE.

A NOVEL FORM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of a chat with Paul Cinquevalli, greatest of all jugglers, and, speaking of his work, he was more than emphatic on the value of juggling as an aid to and preservative of health.

If men who have to lead more or less sedentary lives, he said, would devote even ten minutes a day to simple juggling they would never be sick nor sorry.

I took his advice, found it good, and my object in writing this is to induce other office workers to take up what is, to my mind, incomparably the finest and most beneficial of indoor individual physical exercises.

I do not wish to decry the ordinary physical exercises—those prescribed by Mr. Mitchell in THE MODERN MAN are especially good—but they have some inherent defects. To begin with, they are often extremely monotonous, and make no call on the brain; then they do not as a rule train either hand or eye, and finally, unless you are supervised or are a man of exceptional determination, it is easy to get into the way of doing them in a slovenly, or wrong manner.

Now take juggling: it is intensely interesting; the number of feats that can be performed with a stick and a ball is practically unlimited. It unquestionably trains both hand and eye, and thus makes for proficiency in sports and games. One of the finest amateur billiard players I know goes in for juggling with the balls—I don't mean on the table itself—and he declares that he knows nothing like it for keeping his hand and eye in, and preserving his "touch."

There is one way of performing the simplest of juggling feats, and that is the right way. If you make the slightest mistake, if you try to scamp your task, if hand and eye are not in perfect unison, you are bound to fail, and thus you have a constant and infallible check on yourself, which is lacking in the other exercises.

Further, juggling develops the body as a whole. Many physical exercises develop only one set of muscles.

Take such a simple feat as balancing a stick on the end of your nose; the head is necessarily thrown up, thus expanding the chest and lungs; the body sways backwards and forwards from the hips, thus exercising the muscles of the back and stomach, while the legs are constantly shifting and changing their position, and even the arms are exercised as they sway up and down in the effort to preserve the balance.

H. MUSGROVE.

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My Shortest Holiday.

Imagination wanders far afield.—Young.

The London pavements were like hot bricks, and the steamy exhalations of the creosoted wood upon the roads came up to my nostrils in stifling whiffs. The sun was taking a vicious delight in making the well-dressed crowds as uncomfortable as possible. Men and women sought the partial shade of park trees, while young men rushed to the swimming baths and enjoyed a plunge.

Though few seemed to hear it, the far off country called loudly to the crowds who know not how to support existence. Tea, ices, strawberries and cream were consumed to an appalling extent. And still the heat grew and personal discomfort waxed very great.

In the midst of it all I walked disconsolate, perhaps more oppressed than many around me, for I knew too well that for me the country called in vain.

WATCHING THE CROWDS.

My purse was shallow; so shallow that I had long since reached the bottom of it, and prospects were not bright. Long as I might for cooling streams, I knew that I should pass the summer without a glimpse of them, unless some unusually lucky turn was given to Fortune's wheel.

When the heat became unbearable, I would wander into one of the great termini and watch the crowds hurrying out of the London inferno to the rural paradise. Long trains went out with pride to the uttermost ends of the land. I watched with bitterness the departing throngs, and was about to turn from such inviting scenes from which I was cut off, when a strange thing *did* happen.

* * * * * * *

I heard the murmur of the sea sweeping up the beach, and dragging back in its retreat a million pebbles with a soothing roar. A miracle had deposited me at the side of the sea in a favourite vale, backed by the rolling downs and shaded with innumerable trees. I wandered at will along the coast, baring my head and feeling the cool breeze driving the dust of town out of my eyes, and filling me with infinite contentment.

IN SEASIDE GARB.

The people round me wore the lightest summer clothes. Graceful women and delicious girls passed to and fro in gay irresponsibility. Bronzed men strolled leisurely along; many were bathing, the sun playing upon their flesh and the waves washing about them in a very carnival of coolness.

Then I turned inland, and up a shady track I walked towards the hills, upon whose rounded summits I knew from past experience I should catch the refreshing wind that came from the far-stretching sea and stirred the grasses into rhythmic wavy movements.

Climbing the soft hillside, I turned half-way and watched the brilliant crowd below. The roar of the waters had died away, and in its place I heard the music of the breezes in the trees immediately below me. I longed for wings to take a flight across the intervening valley to the sea and settle, like the gulls, upon the glittering water.

Throwing myself upon the ground, I lay and watched the small white clouds drift slowly over in the deep blue arch of the heavens. Far away in the west along the coast the dim mound of an island rose from the horizon's haze of heat; and, infinitely small, I saw the trailing plume of steam from a distant train as it moved onward through the fields along the line that shimmered in the still atmosphere of sea level.

OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

A wood stretched away behind me, and in its depths there stood the mansions of the rich and fortunate who moved from place to place as moods and seasons called them.

Over the farther brow of the hill a village lay, and by its narrow, dusty lane there ran a tiny stream whose course was under arching trees and shrubs, where birds innumerable gathered in the shade to drink and bathe and spend the hour of greatest heat.

I turned my steps towards it, and found a fallen tree that partly held the shrinking waters back. Taking off my boots and socks I sat an hour—a delicious hour—smoking in the cave of leaves, my feet washed by the moving waters of the pool where little trout scurried off at my appearance to dark places underneath the stones.

A visit to the cottage underneath the windmill's stretching sails, brought me a welcome cup of tea and green stuff pulled from the earth in all its growing succulence.

SUNSET.

The sun was dropping quickly down towards the western horizon and was falling into the haze and trees and shaded outlines of the hills that formed the curtains round about his bed, when thoughts of the return began to rouse me to a more practical frame of mind.

Turning my steps towards the town, grown dim with evening's first gauzy garments of mist, I stepped out briskly. As I approached the sea the waters' roar grew louder; dim lights appeared; and the bustle of a little seaside town in the full tide of its summer season began to surround me and take my thoughts from the quiet experiences of the day.

* * * * * * *

I was about to put my hand upon the door of my own holiday apartment when I became conscious of the growing noise around. Surely the sea was rough, I thought, and a gale must have sprung up with startling suddenness. Then came a realisation of my position and the spell was broken.

"Hi, by your leave," yelled a bustling porter beside me as he trundled a laden barrow across the platform.

THE END OF THE REVERIE.

With a jerk I drew in my legs to let him pass. A piercing shriek from a starting train echoed through the terminus, and with a shock I realised that mine had been a holiday of the mind.

Looking up at the great clock I saw that I had, in ten short minutes of complete abstraction, spent the happiest but shortest holiday of my life, a holiday vouchsafed to me by gazing wistfully and longingly at one of the many posters that adorned the station walls. In ten minutes I had roamed the southern hills and smoked in peace beneath the shady trees.

But this was over, and, with the last suspicion of the sea winds driven from my nostrils, I left the terminus and mingled once more with the scorched and perspiring London crowd.

Since then, I have on more than one occasion visited a railway terminus for the sole purpose of courting a repetition of the experience.

And I have succeeded.

One's imagination needs a spur, and the departure of more fortunately placed holiday-makers provides it effectively.

M. Bruce.

WHY DOES LONDON LAG?

There are some forms of work that should be done in the small hours if done at all, and street repairing in a great city is one of them.

The provinces realised this great truth long ago. In towns like Glasgow and Manchester, for example, the streets are "up" for the most part only when business has been abandoned for the day, and are "down" again, as far as may be, when the morrow's traffic begins its hum.

Eleven p.m. to six a.m. are the hours devoted in these cities to such operations as repaving.

London, however, in this as in some other matters, is curiously behind the provinces. There seems to be no sufficient reason why something like half the traffic on Waterloo Bridge, for instance, should be held up in the broadest of broad daylight. And Waterloo Bridge is only a typical case.

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Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. D. (Harrogate).—Mr. Mitchell has dealt with knock-knees this week. At your age a cure should easily be accomplished.

T. R. F. (Rochdale).—Twice a day is often enough to feed a dog, but you can add a third meal if you like. The great thing is to be absolutely regular with the feeding of your dog as well as yourself.

H. D. (Bermondsey).—Don't take in a partner if to buy him out again you have to pay twice the capital he brings into your business; if your shop is run on sound lines and success is probable, you ought to be able to find a wholesaler who will give you longer credit than you are now getting; that would tide you over the slackness of the summer months.

A. L. (Devizes).—The best ring for a man is one of plain gold with no ornamentation or seal. It looks best on the engagement finger—provided you have earned the right to wear it there.

"HARRY" (Kensington).—Don't take it for granted that you can't wear breeches and spurs simply because all the London Yeomanry corps are full up. Try the Artillery; we understand that there are now a few vacancies there. The uniform is smart and you are taught to ride as well as any Yeoman.

H. R. (Camelon).—Use what paper you like to write on. If the article is readable it shall be read. Enclose stamped envelope for return in case of failure.

W. S. (Lochee).—We'd have written to you, but your address was not sufficiently full. The best of luck to you and our heartiest thanks.

"ONLY 17" (Llandrindod Wells).—Don't try tricks with your horse or you will get into trouble with your boss. To get him fat, get him healthy. If necessary have a vet. to look at him.

C. D. (Bugsworth).—Don't go trying to cure yourself. See a doctor. His fee is well spent.

T. H. P. (Aberbargoed).—We do not issue binding cases or covers. Have the paper bound in half-yearly volumes by a local bookbinder. He will charge about two shillings.

J. P. C. (Wallasey).—The trainer of a football team should certainly have some knowledge of anatomy. The more the better.

A. M. (Eastbourne).—An excellent way of cleaning a foul pipe is to put the bowl on the spout of a steaming kettle.

A. N. (Greenock).—The price of private boxing lessons is usually between 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, taking half-a-dozen. If that is beyond what you want to pay, join an athletic club.

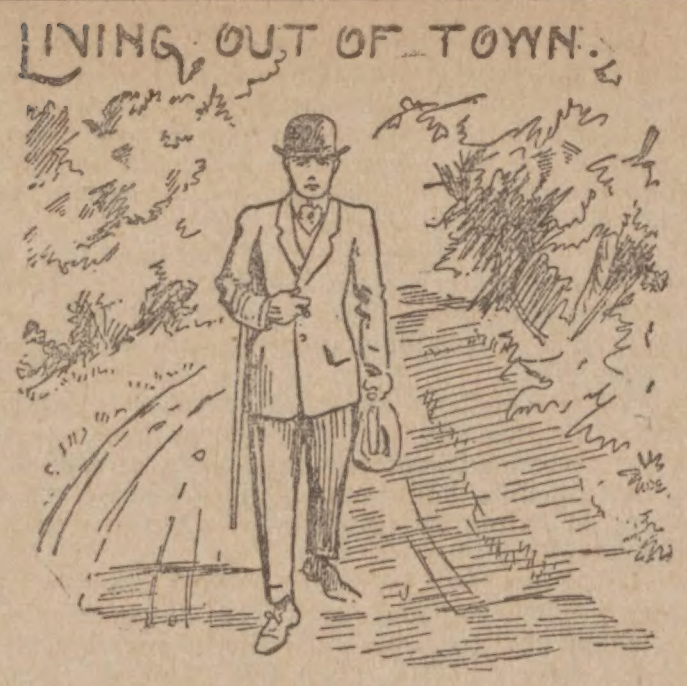
"BUFF" (Yarmouth).—If you sweat a great deal, you should have an inner band of flannel for your straw hat instead of the usual leather band. When a leather band is stained with sweat, it looks very bad, but the flannel absorbs it without showing.

G. B. (Brighton).—You can get walking-out spurs from eighteenpence upwards. A good pair, with the triangular hole in centre to secure jingling, will cost about 4s. 6d. Get them solid nickel; it is easier to keep bright than plated steel.

C. F. (Liverpool).—The motor-cycling costume you suggest is all right. The trouble you complain of—the wind blowing in beneath your gaiters and catching you on the ankles—can easily be remedied by getting a pair of boots cut rather higher than the ordinary; you need not have them made, as most bootshops now stock boots of this description. Also see that the bottoms of your leggings fit closely. If necessary, have the sockets of the springs set back a little; any cobbler would do the job for you.

H. S. (Cork).—The best London dailies for advertisements of vacant situations are the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Chronicle."

"SID" (Warwick).—"The whole art of boxing," giving in detail the thirty hits, guards and counters, appeared in our eighth number, which can be had post free from our publishers for two penny stamps.



HOW TOWN WORKERS MAY ENJOY COUNTRY LIFE.

The average townsman takes much delight in reading of country life, but he looks upon it as an ideal which is beyond his attainment.

It is not usually out of his reach, however, and a little scheming will enable him to continue to hold his job in the town and yet to enjoy the delights of spending his evenings, nights and week-ends in the freshness of the country.

It was the various articles in THE MODERN MAN eulogising country life, which eventually induced me to see whether I could not adopt it myself.

Taking a cycling map, I laid a pair of compasses along the scale, fixing a radius of twelve miles, and with Charing Cross as a centre, I marked out a circle, showing at a glance the various places within twelve miles of my work.

On different Saturday afternoons I cycled out exploring, and at last I found a village which appealed to me. It is not possible to find within twelve miles of London a country village of the ideal type—one that is untainted with suburban villas—but that on which my choice eventually rested is quiet and the air is fresh, although the number of workers whom I meet on the railway platform each morning reminds me somewhat unpleasantly of the fact that I am not very far from the metropolis.

I am by no means blessed in the matter of salary, and the question of £ s. d. was of the utmost importance. In London I had been paying 18s. a week for lodgings and all board except the mid-day meal; in the country I managed to secure a better room and better food for 14s. a week; my travelling expenses come to only 7d. a day; I used to pay 2d. each day in 'bus fares, so that I really pay only a daily 5d. more for living out of town, leaving me on the whole deal 1s. 6d. a week to the good.

In a country village there is a charm in life which I had never before experienced, although I had read about it, and tried to imagine it. To make your way to the station on a bright morning, with the sun playing through between the trees of a leafy lane, and casting patches of light and shadow in front of you, is an experience which keeps your heart up for the rest of the day.

And then to get back at night, and drink in the fresh air as you leave the station, and to tramp back to the cottage where you lodge, and where a hearty meal is waiting—these things make you feel happy even though you are not a millionaire.

On Saturday afternoon I sometimes go for a spin on the old bike, and sometimes for an hour's ratting on a farm.

Altogether life seems ten times better worth living than it used to do.

Workmen's tickets are available all round London, and I suppose they are to be obtained in the vicinity of other large towns; it is worth while your finding out, for this cheap means of travelling brings country life well within the reach of the city worker. ARTHUR HARRIS.

SPORTSMEN: ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.

TWO DISTINCT, YET SIMILAR TYPES.

In all reverence I would quote as a truth applicable to the above subject, the Scriptural declaration: "There is a diversity of gifts but the same spirit."

It hits off the sportsman in his myriad varieties better than any modern axiom or aphorism, for there is nothing more wonderful to a sportsman than the immense and endless variety of his kind.

So wide is the term "sportsman," yet so very definite and comprehensible in its meaning, that it embraces not only every man who actively engages in a manly and generous way in every form of exercise, but it includes also the man who merely sits still and thinks and feels sport.

To feel sport; to experience the sensations of sport and to glow with the pride of athleticism and sportsmanship is by no means the exclusive possession of the active athlete. The man who never handled a cricket ball, who never kicked a football, who never pressed the trigger of a gun, who never got astride a horse, who never threw a baited hook, who seldom walked and never ran a race, has often as good a title to the name of sportsman as the most athletic giant that ever gloried in his swelling muscles.

There are two great divisions among sportsmen—the active and the passive. For the active sportsman there is no pleasure to equal activity. His spirit and his flesh are strong. They demand that he should never lie idle. If nature and cultivation have endowed him with a wiry, muscular back, with arms that are models of tapering strength, and with legs that he delights in, and above all with an inborn love of dash and virile doggedness, he can do nothing but obey the promptings of a sound mind and sound body.

His strength demands that it should be used, put out to interest, so to speak, to bring further strength. Or else why is he endowed thus plentifully with grit and physical power?

He thinks little of the vast possessions he owns in his limbs. He thinks nothing of the why and the wherefore of it all, but exercise, contest, struggle, effort, and hard work he must have and will have. He is not in the least self-conscious of his strength and of the desire to use it. All he knows is that he must be up and doing. "The fun of the thing" is sufficient for him, so he be not idle.

For glory he cares nothing. Prizes, trophies, rewards may come to him—or go elsewhere.

Miles away, at the far end of the lists, is the passive sportsman, more different from his active complement than chalk is from cheese, but still after his excellent kind a thorough sportsman.

He is sport's intellectual product, and he is not unworthy of his fatherhood. His keen delight is in the true and conscious appreciation of fine work accomplished in the name of sport. To him the strenuousness of a race comes home with actual personal realism. He knows the mental and physical efforts that the sportsman in his contests puts forward, and he can glory in the contemplation and the examination of such deeds.

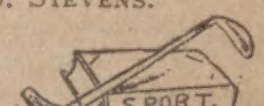
He thrills with the true sportsman's feelings as he watches any fine performance, and his imagination so thoroughly does its work that he himself is actually striving with those he may be watching.

No man is a more generous appreciator of others' deeds, and no man has so keen a sense of the high place of the sportsman.

He has the time to spare to watch every movement in the sporting world, time that the active sportsman can ill afford, and he interprets for a listening world all the meaning that is concealed, or only visible dimly, in the doings of the men of action.

Sport would be the poorer without him, though, as I said at the beginning, he may never have contested for victory in the flesh.

H. S. STEVENS.



The OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EXACT MATCHES.

Nothing looks better than to have your socks (if you are wearing socks) match exactly with your tie, but it is very difficult to secure an exact match.

A half-and-half match, as, for example, two shades of purple not quite the same, looks worse than a contrast.

It is possible by patronising certain expensive hosiers, to secure socks the same colour and with the same pattern as the tie, but for that sort of thing you have to pay a heavy price.

A more economical and almost as effective a plan, is to select socks of an absolutely plain colour, and with no pattern at all; you can readily get a tie to match these, but where a pattern is introduced, the difficulty of matching is much greater.

COLOUR AND MATERIAL.

There is one little tip I had better give you, and that is that when you are matching a tie with a pair of socks, you must allow for the difference in the material.

The dye used in each case may be guaranteed to be the same, and yet the colours produced may not match. Wool takes on a darker shade than silk, and silk is considerably darker than lisle thread.

When, therefore, you buy a pair of socks of lisle thread, you should have a tie not only the same colour, but one that will *look* the same; for if the dye used for both is identical, the socks will appear considerably lighter than the tie.

MERINO FEET.

While on the subject of fancy socks, I may as well give you another tip.

Have the feet of your fancy socks made of merino. It will wear very much better than the silk or the thread of which fancy socks are generally made, and it will not get hard when it is washed. It is this tendency to hardness, by the way, that makes the average fancy socks wear out so quickly in the toes.

Be careful to see when you are buying fancy socks with merino feet that the merino part does not come up above your shoe. Generally it is of a different colour from the rest of the sock, and if it shows above the shoe it looks very bad.

TAKING YOUR JACKET OFF.

During the hot weather it is a great comfort to take one's jacket off. This would not be necessary if men wore thin clothes which would be best suited to the season, but convention and our uncertain climate demand that we should wear suits of some thickness, and consequently we curse our luck when there is a touch of anything approaching heat.

The man who works with his hands does not need to be told to take his jacket off, but head-workers—clerks and others—are sometimes a little shy about it.

Where there are no ladies present, there can be nothing urged against the removal of one's coat, and visitors to an office will not be prejudiced against you on this account, for the warm spell has made it almost the general custom in London offices.

A FEW MINOR POINTS.

There are one or two little things which you ought to attend to if you are going to remove your jacket.

The first is the condition of your shirt sleeves. I have known men to have an old coloured shirt re-cuffed and re-fronted with white. This looks all right so long as only the cuffs and front show, but when you remove your coat and exhibit the sleeves of your shirt, the appearance is very patchy and unpleasing.

If you are very fastidious in this matter, you might even select for the hot day a shirt which matches your vest; for example, if you are wearing a grey suit, you might very well have a blue shirt.

There is nothing for warm weather to equal soft cuffs, for you can turn them back over your elbows without cracking them as you do starched cuffs, and to have the forearms thus bared is extremely comfortable when the thermometer is high.

If you are sweating a great deal, as, for instance, when you come back from lunch, it is an excellent plan to draw a handkerchief round the inside of your collar. This takes up the sweat and prevents the extreme discomfort of feeling a greasy and sticky collar touching your neck.

BRUSHING STRAW HATS.

The necessity for brushing bowler hats or silk hats is at once apparent, for you can perceive the dust upon the surface of the felt or silk, but with straw hats the matter is rather different. The surface in this case is uneven, and the dust is not apparent, but all the same it takes away from the look of the hat and makes it seem dingy.

The dust is there, though it is not so noticeable, and you should brush your straw hat as regularly each morning as you do your bowler or your topper.

This reminds me that it is very necessary for hat brushes to be kept clean. In too many cases one finds a man using the same brush for his hat that he does for his clothes.

He will brush the mud from the bottom of his trousers, and, without thinking of the consequences, will apply that brush to his hat, with the result that the latter gets more dust rubbed into it than is taken out of it.

When you have used a clothes brush for any dusty job, such as the removal of dry mud, you should rub it smartly on the edge of a table to remove the bulk of the dust, and you should also see that the brush is washed from time to time.

POINTED TOES.

The feet of some men are distinctly pointed, and they are thus enabled to wear boots of a pointed shape without bringing upon themselves that ghastly legacy of vanity which we call corns.

Such men may very safely wear pointed boots when they are in full dress, that is, in a morning coat or a frock coat.

But I do not think that one should ever go in for pointed toes with shoes. Fancy socks and broad silk shoe laces look very well, but when we go farther and have the toes of our shoes very much pointed, it gives the masculine foot an effeminate appearance, and a man whose clothes look effeminate is unpleasing to the eye.

The present tendency in fashion as regards shoes is to have them of a stout, almost a rough description. The substantial brogue shoe is perhaps the most popular of all, and to have pointed toes with such a shoe seems to be almost a contradiction in terms.

NIGHT WEAR.

As an article of clothing for men, the old-fashioned night-dress is practically dead, and small wonder, for pyjamas are infinitely more comfortable.

To secure the soundest sleep, it is wise to have pyjamas of different thicknesses, so that you can put on a thin suit or a thick suit according to the warmth of the night.

You should also see that the neck of the jacket is sufficiently wide for comfort. Sometimes it is so narrow as to be likely to interfere with your easy breathing. The remedy is, of course, to have the button set a little nearer the edge of the collar and have the buttonhole made longer.

I have recently bought some pyjama suits of linen mesh. The ones I have were not more expensive than ordinary flannel, and they are extremely comfortable for warm weather.

KEEPING UMBRELLAS TRIM.

The average young man hates an umbrella. There is something horribly old-womanish about it.

But at the same time, there is no doubt that it is very necessary to one's comfort to possess one, and so it is well to make the best of the ugly thing and keep it as smart, and make it last as long, as possible.

In winter time one can usually put on a bowler and a heavy coat and brave the elements; but in summer an umbrella is necessary for the protection of the straw hat and light suit.

An umbrella should, of course, never be rolled up when wet, but when dry should always be carried rolled.

It is best secured by a band of silk. The bands of elastic soon stretch so that they cannot hold the folds tight against the handle.

The ideal method of drying an umbrella is to open it and keep it stretched tight until dry. But if you have no room indoors for an open umbrella, never stand it upon the ferrule so that the water drains into a pool, as the concentration of water at where the cover joins the stick is apt to rot the silk and rust the ribs. Stand the umbrella on its handle until it is dry, so that the water drains off evenly on every side—and cannot collect inside the cover.

When rolling an umbrella, it is most important to grasp the tops of the ribs as well as the handle, so as to prevent them being twisted round the stick.

They should always be confined by an umbrella ring to the handle, when the gamp is closed, whether rolled or unrolled. Or better still, get one of those umbrellas that have a sliding arrangement which comes down and covers them.

BUTTON BOOTS.

Button boots look very well when worn with a morning coat or frock coat suit and even with a navy blue or other dark lounge suit of fine texture, but there are some outfits which do not go at all well with button boots.

A man who wears button boots with knickerbockers does not know how to dress, but unfortunately he is fairly often seen.

Last Saturday afternoon I met a Territorial wearing black button boots with puttees and spurs. This I should consider to be just about the limit of the unsuitable.

HOT WEATHER UNDERWEAR.

In my opinion, a man needs scarcely any underwear during the hot weather.

I know there are men who believe in wearing as much underclothing in summer as in winter, but I think they are in the minority, and experience shows most of us that, in spite of all theories, the most comfortable wear for summer is as little as possible.

I should say that comfort in the matter of hot weather underclothing, is best secured by wearing only a cotton mesh vest beneath the usual toggery, and changing this every day.

It is one of the luxuries of being well-off that one can afford a complete change of underclothing daily, but if your laundry bill is a considération, you should, nevertheless, put on a fresh undervest each day, leaving the one you have discarded to air till the following morning.

In this way you can secure almost as fresh an outfit as the man who goes in for absolutely clean things each morning.

To wear an undervest that has been saturated with sweat is offensive, and it tends to irritate the skin and add to the general discomfort of the heat.

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

Advertisements should be sent not later than Tuesday of each week for publication in the issue published a fortnight later.

DRESS.

Dark Overcoat, 7s. 6d.; two Lounge Coats, Waistcoats, 4s.; Cycling Knickers, 2s.; 10s. lot.—17, Hampstead Road, Preston, Brighton.

Wanted.—Trousers Presser, dark coat and vest; also strong walking boots, 7½, broad fittings; give prices and particulars.—E. Bucketti, 3, Norton Street, near Broughton, Manchester.

Overcoat.—Fur lining, cuffs, and collar; fine condition; 5ft. 7in., 36in. chest; cost £35; accept £6; approval.—Sutton, 43, Darley Street, Leicester.

Gentleman's Dinner Jacket.—Lined black silk, sleeves white silk; chest 40in.; what offers?—Box 932, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's fashionable light Tweed Suit.—Excellent condition; bargain; 21s.; sleeve 24in., leg 34in.—Box 933, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sell or exchange for good Dress Suit or Coat and Vest, fur Motor Coat; good condition.—Box 934, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Fishing Rod.—With 4in. best reel, and line; never used; cost 30s.; accept 10s. 6d.—Box 935, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—First-class Rod for Sea Fishing; split cane preferred; cork grip; porcelain or other reliable rings; state age, length, condition, and maker's name; also large winch, with gunmetal spindle and optional check.—Write Box 936, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Stained Pony Cart.—In good condition; cushions; lamps; also set brown pony harness; £8 10s. the lot.—Box 939, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

For Sale.—Gentleman's Riding Saddle; perfect condition; girths, etc., complete; bargain; 2 gs.—Box 940, "The Modern Man, 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Harness; pony 14 hands, with breast collar; cheap.—Box 941, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

A young English gentleman and his wife wish to be received as Paying Guests in a good private family.—Both are musical and fond of sport; so would like advantage of boating, tennis, or golf. Terms immaterial if thoroughly comfortable home.—Box 942, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Motor Bicycle.—First-class condition; recently overhauled and rebushed; complete, with lamp, horn, tools, etc.; 3 h.p.; £14 10s.—Box 966, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

30s., Gentleman's Cycle; perfect riding order; several parts quite new; all accessories included; ready for riding.—Box 945, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—A Boy's Bicycle; 22 in. frame; free wheel.—Box 946, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Wanted.—Violin; amber colour; in case; must be in perfect order.—Write Box 948, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Business Men and Clerks Learn to Write like Copperplate by New, Simple Method.—Pleasant pastime; complete lessons; postal orders, 1s.—Box 927, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Five Pounds per Week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study.—Learned in twelve easy lessons; highest speed in shorthand time; illustrated handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

STAMPS.

7s. 6d. Album, 500 Stamps.—Take 6s.—Write Box 951, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman has Book containing old Colonial Stamps; valued £20; take £2.—Box 953, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Dark Brindle Bulldog.—Nearly 2 years; grand pedigree; excellent guard; used to children; price 3 guineas.—Box 954, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Wanted.—60-egg Hot Air Incubator; in good condition.—Box 956, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

100-Egg Incubator.—Perfect working order; £1, to clear; exchange poultry to value.—Box 957, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerk Wanted.—Quick at figures; shorthand and typewriting essential.—Write stating age, references, and salary required, to Box 958, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collector required for first-class life office.—Good book; cash security; under 40.—Write Box 959, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

A Vacancy occurs for Young Gentleman in London office of trade journal.—Previous experience not essential; substantial and increasing salary.—Write Box 960, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fatness.—Cheap, infallible, harmless Cure; particulars free.—Melville, 28, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Territorials and others.—To be in good health and fit for service, keep your teeth clean and mouth healthy by using Namrona Tooth Paste; 6d. and 1s., post free. N.B.—Thousands have been rejected from active service by bad teeth.—Namrona Manufacturing Co., Exchange Buildings, Market Street, Huddersfield.

TRADE.

New Marvel Keyless Watch.—30 hours; short wind; reliable movement; useful present; post free, 4s. 6d.—Withington, Jeweller, Cannock, Staffs.

Genuine Sheffield Special Hollow-ground Razors.—Black handles, 2s. 9d.; white, 3s.; post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—Harry Hinchliffe, Stanley Road, Sheffield.

Last week of Charles Stewart's offer.—Strong Leather Case, fitted with two military hairbrushes, 6s. 6d., post paid. Sportsman's Cigarette Case enclosed free. The Sportsman's Cigarette Case embossed with a bloodhound's head at corner; 2s., post paid.—Box 824, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gents'; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 961, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 962, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

List of 1,500 Bargains Post Free.

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19/6—Gent's £4 4s. fashionable dark-brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality; tailor-made; latest West-end cut and finish; never worn; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), 284, Brixton Rd., London

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Your Discoloured Brown Boots made like new by simple process.—Mixture easy and cheap to make; no acids; genuine. Why buy new ones? Recipe sent for 1s.; "Cleanser," 9d.—Cambridge Street, Harrogate.

Waite's "Graceful Riding"; Head's "The Horse and his Rider"; Kerrs' "Riding"; Phillipps' "Horse and Man"; what offers?—Box 929, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Frames, Cigarette Boxes, Mirrors, etc.—Made from the black oak of Nelson's ship, the "Bellerophon," for sale; prices on application.—Box 896, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Handsome Gent's Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Frena 5 in. by 4 in. Hand Camera.—Nearly new; cost £2 5s.; sell 32s. 6d.—"Advertiser" Office, Cannock, Staffs.

The Perfection Fountain Pen, fitted with massive gold nib, 5s. post free; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

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